

IN THESE TIMES

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Consultants

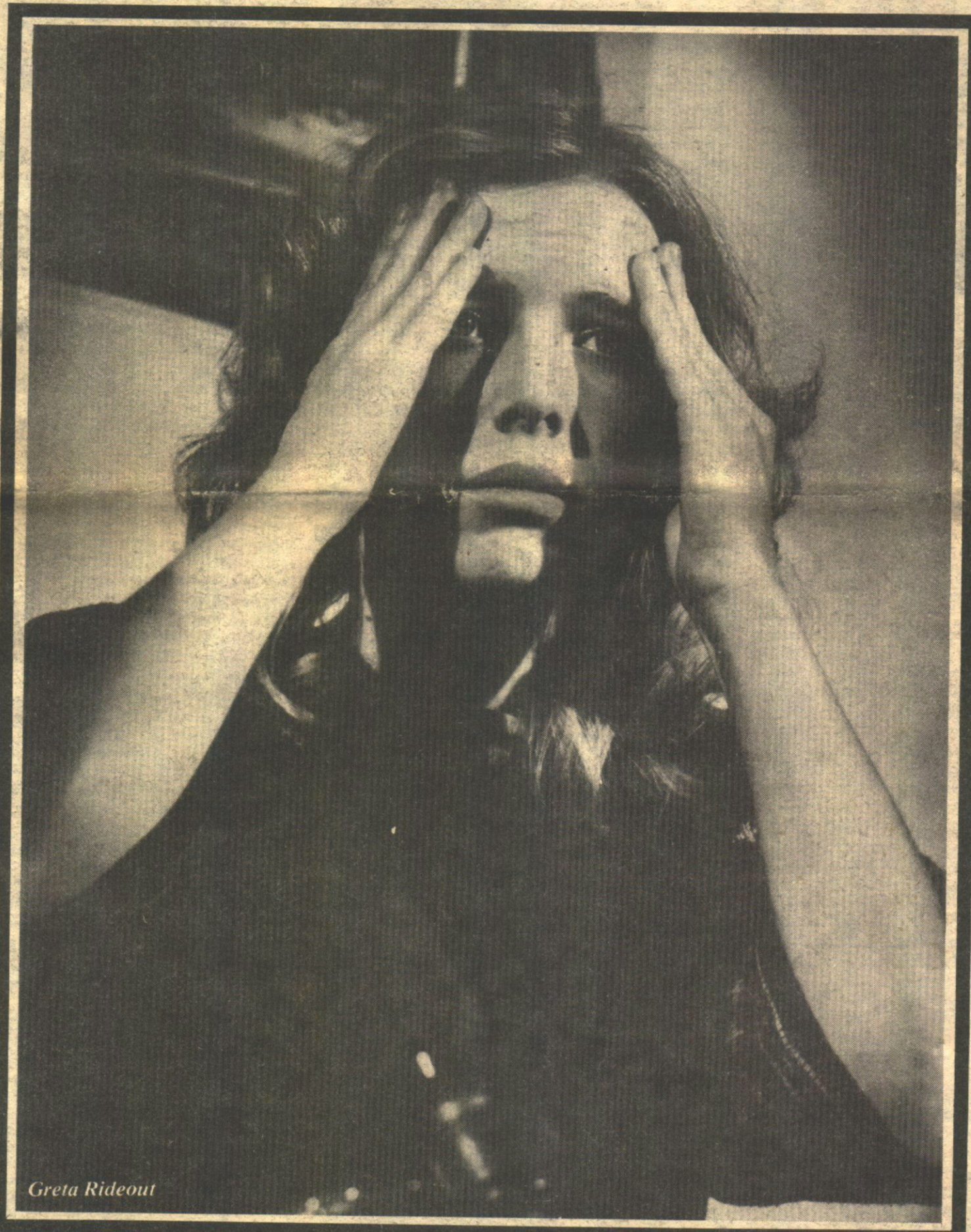


Vol. 3, No. 8

Jan. 10-16, 1979

50 Cents

IS IT RAPE WHEN A WIFE SAYS NO?



Greta Rideout

Gerry Lewin

plus

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THE INSIDE STORY



Moon empire rises, U.S. fishing sinks

I.

T O K Y O

Rep. Donald Fraser's recent charge that the Korean evangelist, the Rev. Sun Myung Moon, is seeking to establish global political power was angrily denied by Moon, who is now in Seoul, South Korea, after dodging a U.S. congressional summons. But across the narrow Sea of Japan, a rising tide of Moon adherents is beginning to alarm the Japanese.

Generally known as the "Genri-undo," or "Basic Principles Movement," the Japanese followers are part of the same campaign to transform the Unification Church into a worldwide political empire, say the Moon critics.

A recent Moon conference on "The Pacific Era: Tasks for the 1990s" drew establishment academics to a secluded resort at the foot of Mount Fuji from countries as far away as Chile and Malaysia. The press was barred, but given an announcement calling for the development of a "Pacific rim culture" to counter Asian communism.

Soon after, workers at a factory in Kobe, near Osaka, were treated, on company time, to a three-day "cultural program," heavily laced with anti-communist propaganda. They were dunned through their company-controlled union for half the cost of the affair, with their boss, the giant Mitsubishi conglomerate, picking up the rest of the tab and providing space and facilities.

And every day in Hiroshima's bustling Kamiyacho shopping district, neat, well-scrubbed youths pass out handkerchiefs and try to get "donations" from passers-by. Asked about the cause for whom they're collecting, they answer "the protestants," but are unable to produce identification as required by law of such solicitors. The police ignore all complaints about them.

Moon claims to have 280,000 followers in this country, a figure disputed by his critics. But if true, Japan is, by Moon's count, the third most important country in the Moon hierarchy, following the U.S. with 380,000 and South Korea with 300,000.

Racism is not always absent from the propaganda of many of the opponents of the Genri-undo. The Communist party, for instance, has reacted to Moonie attacks on its chairman, Miyamoto Kenji, with a campaign that dwells largely on Moon's nationality and

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some bizarre aspects of his theology concerning the special holiness of Korea.

A pamphlet entitled "Bury the Vampire Sun-myung!" by Goto Tomigoro, chairman of a group called the National Association of Parents of Victims of the Genri-undo, features material in the same vein, and begins with the slogan: "What 'Genri-undo' means is the subjugation of Japan by South Korea!"

Questioned about such attitudes, the Communists tend to dodge the issue, but Goto is quite open: "When these kids get through being brainwashed in the Genri-undo, they change completely. You just have to look at their faces to see they've become mean and deceptive. They look just like Koreans."

Goto is a retired government bureaucrat who has devoted himself to "deprogramming" Moonies for the past three years, ever since he rescued his own son from the group. In a country where family ties are stronger than in the West, Goto has no worries that his tactics—which involve kidnapping and locking up Moonies until they renounce their beliefs—will get him in trouble with the police, as long as he works in concert with the parents of his subjects. Unlike more conventional counsellors who restrict themselves to persuasion, Goto claims a 100 percent success rate.

Nonetheless, members of Japan's growing campus-based anti-Moon movement scoff at Goto's success claims and criticize not only his racism, but his whole approach to deprogramming. "He's trying to fill in the generation gap, rather than to really deal with the problems of alienated youth in a capitalist society," says Sato Tatsuya, referring to Goto's strategy of winning Moonies back to the traditional values of the Japanese family system. Sato, a leftist expert on Korean affairs, is a national coordinator of the loose nationwide network of counsellors, researchers, and anti-Moon campus groups that goes by the unofficial name of Han-genri (Anti-Basic-Principles-Movement).

—Phil Hill

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II.

G L O U C E S T E R, M A S S.

Two short years after shutting out foreign competition with the 200-mile limit, the American fishing industry is alive with tales of a new menace. This one, however, is an intruder of a different stripe: Rev. Sun Myung Moon's controversial Unification Church.

From the day Rev. Moon's advertising agent announced in the summer of 1976 that Moon would "make fish a staple" in this country, the church has poured millions into the business. Under the corporate aegis of International Oceanic Enterprises, the church now has operations on virtually every American coast: processing plants in Virginia, California, and soon Alaska, tuna fishing and lobster dealing in Massachusetts, and boat-building in Alabama.

According to Bob Sullivan, assistant to the president of the U.S. church, "We're trying to encompass every aspect of the fishing industry. Our major need is to support the mission work of the church."

The move into fishing comes at a time of rising criticism of the church's street-corner fund-raising operations, which bring in millions of dollars every year through the sale of flowers, candy and other items.

"We're pretty realistic in that we can't fund raise forever. Right now fund raising is our financial lifeline," said Sullivan. "We eventually want to shift the emphasis out of fund raising and put the emphasis on business."

But the Moonies' arrival in fishing communities has been greeted with open hostility. They have unanimously been declared unwelcome by the Bayou La Batre, Ala., city council; they have been warned publicly by the mayor of Gloucester, Mass., that they would have "strap marks on your ass before you get a permit out of me"; and they have been the subject of an industry-wide alert sent out by a rival fish dealer in Norfolk, Va.

"Every dealer in the city is afraid of them," explains one Gloucester lobster dealer. "They've got personnel you can't match, they've got money you can't match, they don't pay taxes like you. There's just no way you can compete with them."

Louie Fass of Norfolk's Fass Brothers, for example, claims that the church members who work at International Seafoods' Norfolk plant—almost half of about 80 employees, according to the company—donate all but \$10 a week of their salaries to the church.

"It's a tax loophole that's unbelievable," he says. "If I could become a church and make all my people church members, and they were willing to donate all the money back to the church, I'd never pay any taxes."

While the Moon fishing enterprises are U.S.-registered corporations, some critics also believe they are violating the spirit, if not the letter, of the 200-mile law because the church has been found to have clear connections with the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (KCIA). Many U.S. fish dealers also charge that the Moonie businesses are using the church's tax-exempt status and deep-pocket capital to gain unfair—if not illegal—advantages.

Such warnings first spread through the industry after an International Oceanic Enterprises subsidiary, International Seafoods, bought an 80-man fish processing plant in Norfolk, Va., several years ago. Local dealers found themselves losing both fish and retail markets to the newcomers, who were able to squeeze them from both ends, paying local boats more than they could afford and reselling the fish for less.

Then, last winter, International Oceanic and another subsidiary, U.S. Marine, shocked the tiny Alabama hamlet of Bayou La Batre by purchasing 700 acres and a boat-building business. Outraged residents quickly formed a group called Concerned Citizens of the South, Inc., successfully pressing the city council to zone all the Moonie land within city limits residential. A court ruled that move unconstitutional, however.

Last spring and summer, the church made a similar splash in Gloucester—the heart of the New England fishing industry. Rev. Moon and his followers had been fishing out of Gloucester for several years, going after the giant bluefin tuna that come in at 500-1,000 pounds. And Mayor Leo Alper had already made clear his wish that they "stay the hell out of Gloucester."

When International Seafoods bought several acres of residential waterfront property last spring, Alper immediately banned mooring boats in the adjacent cove and closed the only road into the property, threatening to condemn it permanently.

Word then got out that International Seafoods was also negotiating for the town's largest lobster processing plant. Alper rounded up several local businessmen to try to outbid the Moonies, but they could not match the \$300,000 put up by International Seafoods.

The Moonies' latest move was the purchase of land in Kodiak, Alaska, for the construction of a \$3 million processing plant to handle salmon, crab and other fish. And in California this fall, International Seafoods opened another processing plant in San Leandro, near San Francisco, though the name has since been changed to Golden Gate Seafoods.

—David Osborne

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IN THESE TIMES

I kept thinking maybe I could help him

By Michelle Celarier

SALEM, ORE.

IN THE WOMEN'S ROOM, A BEST-selling paperback currently filling grocery store racks, the protagonist, Mira, submits bitterly for 17 years to her husband's sexual demands. Although his will was imposed on her as surely as if he had used brute force, she later tells a friend whose daughter has just been physically demolished by the crime of sexual violence, "I've never been raped."

The distinction between a woman's submission in marriage and in acts of violence (sexual or otherwise) is slowly being eroded, their symbiotic relationship exposed by the horror stories of battered wives which have been splattered over our consciousness.

Greta Rideout, the first woman in American history to charge her husband with rape, may be taking it even a step further. A 23-year-old woman who'd been physically and psychologically abused by her husband for over two years, she found that as soon as she quit submitting to his desires, her husband's sexual aggression became so violent she could label it nothing less than rape.

"He both loathed and was excited by strong women," she told IN THESE TIMES in a lengthy interview two days after her now-estranged husband was acquitted on charges of rape under a new Oregon statute that permits the charge of rape in marriage.

Although marital rape has been brought out of the closet due to this highly-publicized case in Oregon, it's still a difficult concept to prove—or to accept. After five days of testimony, including conflicting stories from Greta Rideout and her husband, John, a jury of eight women and four men could not "beyond a reasonable doubt" convict the 21-year-old man of raping his wife.

It was his word against hers. And according to Greta and her supporters at the Salem Women's Crisis Center, the truth was "twisted" by the defense attorney, who depicted her as a conniving, lying bitch out to frame her husband and settle their marital difficulties in an improper arena, a court of law.

(However, Greta Rideout said psychiatric treatment for John was more important to her than the 20-year prison sentence the rape charge carried.)

While Oregon state law defines rape as sexual acts made with either forcible compulsion or under threat, Greta Rideout's feelings on the subject were summed up on a sign in the Crisis Center she'd been referred to two weeks earlier: "If a woman says no, it's rape."

She began to say no.

She had just begun to say no.

Talking at length about her marriage, Greta began to put together the pattern of abuse which led up to the rape. It was the first time she'd done so, and she included details the jurors had not been allowed to hear. It seems his violence against her has increased since they were married two years ago, from slaps and mental abuse to beatings which left her face bruised and swollen. Their sexual activity, too, had become increasingly violent, finally turning into rape on Oct. 10, a day when her resistance initially was the strongest.

She had met John Rideout four years ago in Portland, where she'd settled after traveling since leaving her hometown of Phoenix, Ariz. He was one of six children in a poverty-stricken, fatherless family from the small farming and bedroom community of Silverton, a town between Portland and Salem, the state's capitol.

Before they were married (shortly after their two-year-old daughter, Jenny, was born), Greta said he'd



In an interview, Greta Rideout, who accused her husband of rape, describes the history of his sexual violence and her despair.

slapped her in the face and "demolished" the house they were living in. She left him then—the first of three times.

"Two months after we were married, he began the mental abuse—calling me a dumb bitch, accusing me of being with someone else," she said, "but I was trying to deal with it. I wanted the marriage to work out, for better or worse. And believe me, most of it was worse."

Changes begin.

Slowly she began to see a change taking place. The first time he gave her a black eye was a year and a half ago. Aggressive sex, too, began to be a part of the pattern, according to Greta. "He was highly obsessed with sex; he wanted it two or three times a day. No matter what I gave him, he was never totally satisfied."

What seemed to give him the most pleasure, she reflected, was the violent sex which became a once-a-week occurrence. "And the more riled I got, the more he seemed to enjoy it."

Like most battered women, Greta Rideout had been afraid to fight back. The relationship became one of "love-hate, love-hate." John even threatened to sexually manipulate their daughter and told his wife he would show Jenny "what sex is all about" when she became an adolescent.

"At times he'd turn to me and say 'I'm sick, aren't I?'" Greta said, and her love began to turn to pity. "I kept thinking maybe I can help him."

She left him for the third time in July but returned for the same reason she had done so before. She couldn't support her daughter on the part-time minimum wages of her cashier's job or on welfare. She said she considered leaving Jenny with friends while she got on her feet financially, but thought John would accuse her of abandoning the child and try to take Jenny

from her. Many of their arguments had been over money; John's work as a gas station attendant plus her meager wages "barely covered essentials," she said.

When she returned for the last time, her plan was to save up enough money to be able to leave for good.

She gained strength.

"Before this point I had submitted. Now I was swimming to the surface to get out of the gutter, and he knew it. He saw the strength rising in me," said Greta, unable to conceal her fury any longer. It was around this time that his violence towards her seemed to intensify. Still, she said, "I realized I'd be contributing to the problem if I submitted to him... We'd both been blind to the fact that he was sadistic."

He became even more irrational. "At times I'd be laying there, watching TV, and he'd walk up and kick me. I started feeling, god, he's weird." But he told her, "You're my wife; I can do what I want."

"He was in love with me when I was weak, but when I showed any strength, he hated my guts, she recalled. At the same time, she now realizes, he both loathed and was excited by strong women.

"He would see pretty women, strong career women, on TV or in magazines, and they seemed 'prudish' to him. He'd get worked up and say, jeez, I'd like to rape that bitch's ass."

On Oct. 10, John and Greta had an argument over money. He'd quit his job to return to school on the GI bill and she thought he was squandering money at bars, playing pool—and not attending classes. She ran away from him, but he chased her, locked her in the apartment and started demanding sex. When she refused, he beat her until finally, she testified in court, she submitted for fear he would break her jaw.

John Rideout and his attorney never denied that he beat her that day, or that they had sexual intercourse. Their marriage had a pattern of fight, make up, and make love, the men said. (By the time their fights were over, said Greta, she often just submitted to sex. On the day of the rape, she said she was "totally repulsed" by the idea of having sex with John.)

Greta's rape story was confirmed by the doctor who examined her afterwards and the Crisis Center worker who'd answered her call. "She was so scared that I was shaking; she had me scared to death," remembered volunteer Wanda Monthey.

Then why didn't the jury, which included at least two women who considered themselves feminists, convict John Rideout of raping his wife? According to one who called the Women's Crisis Center two days after the acquittal, most of them were sympathetic to her situation and would have convicted John of assault, had the judge given them that option.

Another juror, Joan Lent, said they just weren't sure if Greta's story could be trusted.

After all, as the defense portrayed her, she was a woman with a sordid sexual history, one who had lied to her husband about sex before, a woman who wanted not only revenge but financial reimbursement for the suffering she'd endured.

Questionable issues.

Due to judicial protection of a defendant, the extent of John's sexual behavior was not revealed in court. But Greta's two abortions (one obtained after having an affair while she and John were separated) and the lesbian sexual fantasies (which she said she'd discussed only to encourage John to discuss possible homosexual tendencies in himself) were fodder for the defense's depiction of Greta as immoral and untrustworthy.

And not only did she taunt him with her lasciviousness, the defense argued, ("as though passion were an excuse for rape," commented Crisis Center director Nancy Burch), she also taunted him with her new-found knowledge of Oregon's rape law.

"I'm no women's libber," Greta said, but when she was referred by a counselor to the Crisis Center two weeks prior to the alleged rape, she discovered "I wasn't the only woman on earth going through this." She also received moral support and the knowledge that, under the law, she did not have to put up with abusive treatment from a man just because he was her husband.

On the other hand, defense counsel Charles Burt tried to have the entire case dismissed on the "unconstitutionality" of the law, which he said denied equal protection to men, invaded privacy and impaired the contractual obligations of marriage. After his client was exonerated, he pointed out that Greta's definition of rape (if a woman says no, it's rape) was not a legal one, "and from a man's point of view, I hope it never is."

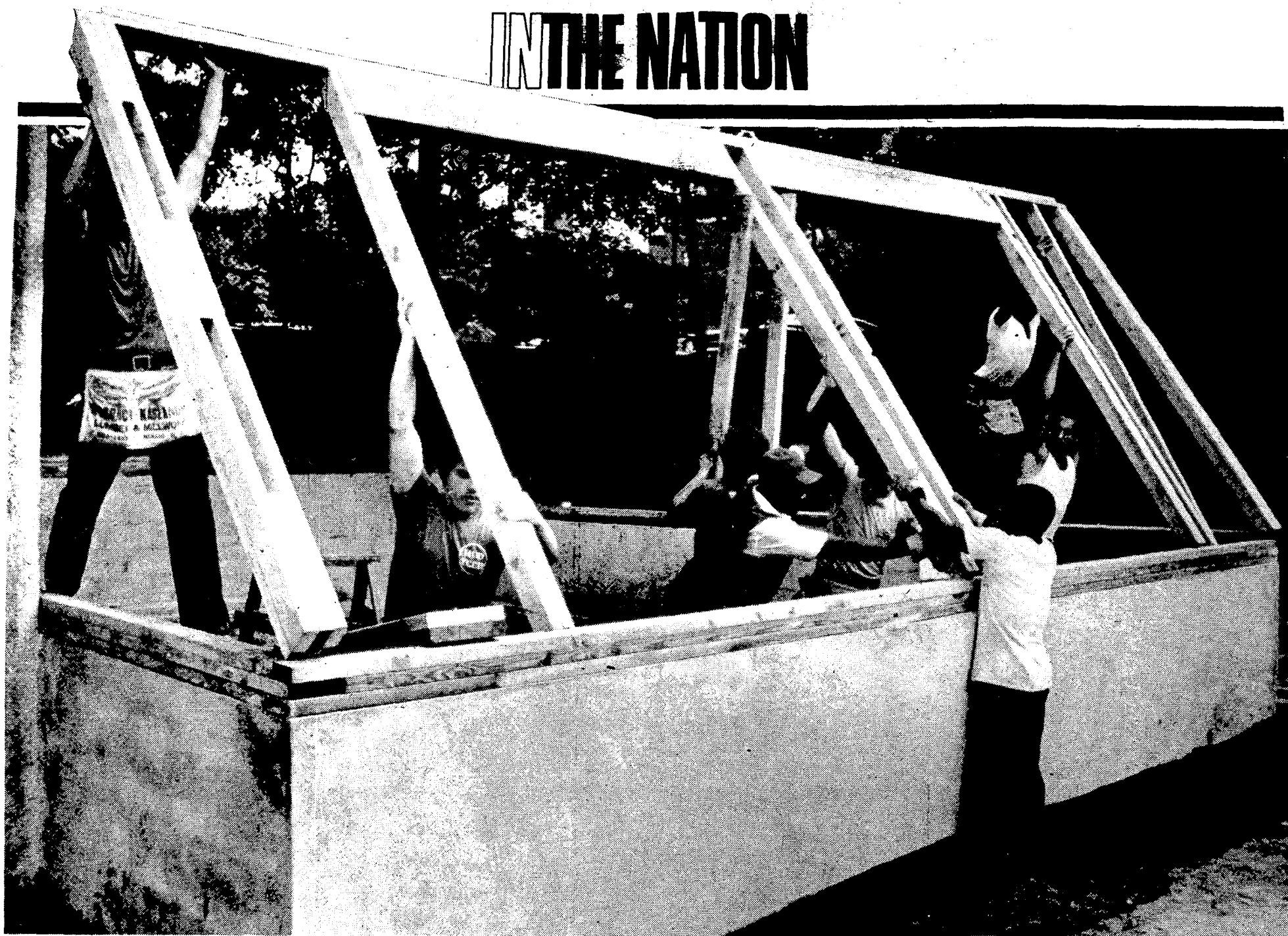
Were they lies?

The jury also seemed to buy the allegation that Greta had lied before about sexual matters, specifically a "lie" that John's brother Jack had raped her while they were staying with him and his wife. But Greta's version—one not heard in the courtroom—was that she told her husband about the rape, and he turned around and repeated the story to his brother. Later, when Greta was at work, she said that Jack, a karate black belt, threatened her and told her to tell John her rape allegation was a lie. And so she did.

To top it off, the defense portrayed her as a money-hungry, publicity-seeking woman bragging to acquaintances that

Continued on page 8.

IN THE NATION



Workers construct a senior citizens center under a unique HUD grant by which funds go directly to the sponsoring agency.

By T.D. Allman

NEWARK, N.J.

FORMER NEWARK CITY COUNCIL member Anthony Imperiale, who has lost four elections in a row here, proclaims that the city is not only in trouble, but is "dead and buried."

Two hundred angry police officers, facing layoffs because of federal spending cuts, vow that Newark will become "Fear City" if they lose their jobs.

The rhetoric fits Newark's popular image as crisis-ridden, doomed city.

But behind the headlines and the gutted buildings along Springfield Avenue that stand as reminders of the ghetto rebellion of 1967 is a far different reality. This city is in the midst of an impressive social, economic, and cultural revival that is confounding the prophets of urban decay.

Some 80 corporations have made improvements here in recent years. New skyscrapers are now going up in Newark's downtown. Middle-class families are buying and renovating houses in its Ironbound and North Ward neighborhoods.

Over the last decade, Newark also has become one of America's fastest growing educational centers, with four major campuses at the crest of a \$300 million expansion that has seen the city's student population triple to 25,000 students in less than ten years. Meanwhile, Newark's crime rate, once the highest in the country, is now much lower than the crime rate in cities like San Francisco, Atlanta and Honolulu.

Healthier than ever.

After years of talk about the urban disease, this city is literally healthier than ever as well. Since the riots in Newark 11 years ago, infant mortality and tuberculosis have been cut in half, and the incidence of syphilis has declined to only a tenth of what it once was. In Newark today, a person is a third less likely to get cancer, two-thirds less likely to have a child with a congenital disease, and three-quarters less likely to die from pneumonia than in 1970.

Why, and how, has Newark confounded those who once predicted it might be the first American city to die, in the face

Newark defies the prophets of doom

of the suburban migrations and Sunbelt shift?

As revealed by the failure of the urban catastrophe scenario to come true, even the most troubled American cities continue to possess important economic, geographic and human resources. "Newark is where the country's most heavily trafficked highway, rail and air routes converge with the busiest harbor and biggest market in America," points out Newark's Mayor Kenneth A. Gibson. "Cities with those kind of advantages don't die."

And while Newark retained the natural advantages that led the Puritans to establish a colony there as early as 1666 and eventually transformed it into America's

Newark has led the way into the post-industrial era. It has been one of the first cities both to suffer the trauma and enjoy some of the benefits of major structural changes in the American economy.

Between 1960 and 1975, Newark lost 45 percent of its manufacturing jobs. But even during the city's most severe periods of political, economic and social crises, its service sector continued to grow. Thus while many factories in Newark closed down, the city's old pre-eminence as the transport, finance and service capital of the most densely populated state in the nation was never fundamentally challenged.

Says Alfred L. Faiella, executive direc-

Newark's crime rate is now lower than Atlanta's. Infant mortality has been cut in half since 1967. And a growing service sector furnishes new jobs.

tenth greatest industrial center by the end of the 19th century, outside forces also began to favor Newark just as the media stereotype was portraying the city as beyond hope.

The New Jersey state legislature, despite its overwhelming suburban bias, went ahead with a major program of public investment in Newark, notably in education and transportation. The federal government, which for decades sucked tax dollars out of Frostbelt cities, began to reverse the flow.

Meanwhile, private enterprise not only recognized that it had an investment in Newark it could not let die, but also discovered new opportunities here unavailable in the suburbs and Sunbelt. Far from being left behind by events,

tor of the Newark Economic Development Corporation, "Companies don't invest here for moral and aesthetic reasons. When they look at the bottom line, they know this city is ideally placed to cash in on the future."

"For all the talk about ghetto despair," points out Milton Buck, the city administrator, "this is a place where black people can get ahead."

"Why do 100,000 white people choose to live in Newark, too?" asks Manuel Rosa, a young real estate developer. His own story suggests the answer. Back in 1955, when Rosa and his family emigrated from Portugal to Newark, he spoke no English at all, and his family had no assets except their resolve to get ahead. Today Rosa and his brothers are rede-

veloping scores of abandoned houses in Newark, and expanding out of their home neighborhood—the Ironbound district—into other parts of the city. Rosa's latest project is a \$2 million effort to transform a decaying section of north Newark into what he calls "a happy neighborhood with a Mediterranean-type ambience."

"White NAACP"

For Stephen Aduabato, born and bred in Newark's Italian-American North Ward, the question wasn't "quality of life," but survival for him, his neighborhood and the Newark way of life he loved back in 1970, when he founded the North Ward Educational and Cultural Center. Following the riots and the defeat of two Italian candidates for mayor, Newark's Italian community was caught in a vortex of shame, fear and hate. The city's last Italian mayor, Hugh Addonizio, had been convicted of corruption. Newark's "Mr. Law and Order," Councilman Anthony Imperiale, had become a nationwide symbol of gun-toting white ethnic reaction and race prejudice. Panicky whites were abandoning whole blocks of houses as they fled to the suburbs when Aduabato founded his center, which he calls "a white NAACP." Blacks ranging from Imamu Baraka to Carl Rowan told Aduabato Newark would be better off if he got out of town. White liberals, contemptuous of his ethnic roots, denounced Aduabato as a racist, too.

But it was Aduabato who, more than anyone else in Newark, helped halt white flight, and turn communal hatred into one of America's most promising experiments in genuine multi-racial cooperation. It was Aduabato, too, who in the days of Spiro Agnew and the "silent majority," delivered the votes that kept Peter Rodino in Congress; it was Aduabato and thousands of his neighbors in the community that once gave George Wallace his biggest majority anywhere on the East Coast who, in 1974, openly campaigned for Kenneth Gibson's reelection, and thus ensured Imperiale's second defeat in the election for mayor.

Today in Newark, blacks tell you that Baraka is a figure of the past; and whites tell you the same thing about Imperiale.

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WAGE-PRICE GUIDELINES

Labor balks at Carter's concessions



By David Moberg

IF JIMMY CARTER SPENT EVEN A moment tooting a party horn to welcome in the New Year, it wasn't over the likelihood of his wage-price guidelines winning support from organized labor.

Despite some revisions that slightly favored workers, the 7 percent wage limit has still met overwhelming rejection from the AFL-CIO and from most individual unions. In general, Carter's relationship with labor has become more estranged and bitter on both sides as union leaders increasingly see the Carter administration as anti-labor.

Several local unions have already bucked the wage limit, but the first big test comes with the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, who have been negotiating new two-year contracts for 60,000 oil industry workers. Citing the administration pay standards, several oil companies offered pay increases of 7 percent in the first year and 6 percent in the second plus some improvements in the medical plans.

The union rejected the pay increase as failing to meet their unspecified demand for "substantial" wage improvement. OCAW also wants an expanded medical plan fully paid by the employers—they pay roughly half the cost now—and more vacation time.

"Business as usual."

Like the Machinists, now negotiating airline and many diverse local contracts, the Rubber Workers, whose contract comes up in April, the electrical workers (IUE), and several other unions, OCAW officials have told bargainners to pursue "business as usual" and to ignore the Carter guidelines.

The small Association of Western Pulp and Paper Workers, now negotiating contracts for 15,700 of its workers, some of whom have been on strike since last July, challenged the constitutionality of the guidelines after the Council on Wage and Price Stability intervened in their negotiations. The Council had answered an inquiry from Crown Zellerbach Corporation saying that it found no "tandem" relationship between the contracts now being negotiated and those settled earlier. Although that would normally have meant that the new contracts would have to come under the 7 percent limit, an exception was made allowing settlement on somewhat more satisfactory terms offered by the company before Carter's Oct. 24 speech.

Federal judge Robert Belloni ruled that the union had not yet exhausted Council hearing procedures. However, during the court dispute, the Council said that the government would use its strongest sanction—withholding purchases—only

against companies holding individual contracts for more than \$5 million. That would mean only about 500 companies—and about half of the 500 largest—would be subject to such penalties for violating the price controls.

The constitutionality of the Carter plan will probably be subject to further challenges. The AFL-CIO is considering a legal challenge as soon as the Council on Wage and Price Stability sets up its full

Those controls were designed to "zap labor," according to a Nixon administration official. Nevertheless, they had more exceptions for labor than Carter: improvement in the level of benefits was not counting in the pay limit, cost-of-living increases were weighted as they were enacted over a year rather than counted in their entirety from the beginning of the year, workers who had not received sizeable pay increases for years could "catch up," and

The conclusion of the AFL-CIO analysis is: Jimmy Carter is out to out-Nixon Nixon.

procedure. The Pulp and Paper workers have not dropped their suit. Also, a group of right-wing members of Congress, who joined in the Pulp and Paper Workers suit as a friend of the court, may mount their legal attack.

Revised standards version.

In response to comments from businesses as well as labor unions, the wage guidelines were revised on Dec. 13 to permit some benefit increases to be exempted from the 7 percent wage lid. Previously all benefit increases, even those mandated by law or resulting from other inflationary pressures, would have been included within the 7 percent. Typical of many situations, rubber industry representatives figured that simply extending the current contract would raise first-year labor costs by 8 percent.

The revision would exempt all costs to maintain pension benefits at existing levels and anything above the first 7 percent needed to maintain health benefits, but all improvements in benefit standards would be charged against the pay limit.

(There was also a revision of the profit margin test. That was an alternative for firms that could persuasively argue that they could not hold price increases to less than .5 percent below the 1976-77 rate. It would have permitted unrestricted dollar increases in profit, even though it set the profit margin at the level of the best two of the last three years. Now firms choosing this method will also be restricted to a 6.5 percent dollar profit increase. At the same time, all firms will be allowed a minimum of 1.5 percent increase in price, even if they had no price increases in 1976-77.)

Labor leaders were unimpressed by the revision, however. "I don't see any reason to cheer about that," says Rudy Oswald, research director for the AFL-CIO. "Even with it, the Carter program restricts labor significantly more than the wage controls under Nixon in 1971-74," he said.

the low-wage exemption started at a proportionately higher level than under Carter's plan. The implicit conclusion in the AFL-CIO analysis: Democrat Carter is out to "zap labor" even more than Nixon was.

11 percent increase predicted.

If the predictions of a panel of industry and labor representatives assembled by the Conference Board come true, discussions of the plan's details are pointlessly academic. They expect first-year wage and benefit increases to average 11 percent in major contracts this year. That would effectively kill the President's plan, which half of the panel expected to be replaced by mandatory controls.

The Conference Board experts said that the President's 7 percent goal would be tough to reach in any case, since wages and fringes together probably increased by 10 percent in 1978 (wages alone averaged 7.7 percent increase), and most workers are now more, not less, concerned about inflation eroding their income than they were in 1978. The administration guidelines, labor writer A.H. Raskin predicted, would probably become "a floor for union demands.... That automatically makes 10 percent or higher the starting point for any buy-up of work rules and other restraints on productivity."

Even without these pressures brought on by worries about inflation and lost income and about recession and job insecurity, Carter would be in tough shape politically. Rep. Al Ullman (D-OR), chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and—even more forcefully—Rep. Charles A. Vanik (D-OH), a ranking committee member, have criticized Carter's wage insurance plan. Although it still hasn't been spelled out in detail, wage insurance was intended to reward workers who stayed within the pay guidelines with tax rebates if inflation exceeded 7 percent and thereby win labor support.

Carter's already testy relationship with

George Meany worsened in December when Carter refused to reappoint Meany to the board of the Communications Satellite Corporation. Then AFL-CIO secretary-treasurer Lane Kirkland resigned in response from the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and from the National Advisory Committee for Women. The AFL-CIO was still fuming over Carter's apparently vengeful dismissal of Assistant Labor Secretary Francis X. Burkhardt, a former Painters union official.

Moreover, many unions—already unhappy with the Council on Wage and Price Stability and its director, Barry Bosworth, for backing employers in labor disputes—have even more reason to be concerned about the onesidedness of the Carter inflation program. CWPS action in the Pulp and Paper case, where the council responded unilaterally to a corporate inquiry on wage negotiations without even consulting the union involved, was ominous. Likewise CWPS chairman, Alfred Kahn has frankly admitted that many workers who have fallen behind in pay during recent years will simply not catch up if the anti-inflation plan works. Also, CWPS deputy director Robert Russell said that increased strikes will be another price of the inflation plan, thus indicating administration support for companies that take a tough line. The expectations may be realized quickly.

Oil showdown.

"Every passing day increases the probability of a strike," OCAW spokesman James Archuleta said late last week. Since the OCAW contract has no cost-of-living adjustment, any wage settlement less than 9 percent or thereabouts is likely to be considered insubstantial, even though the union has not publicly set a target.

"It's not collective bargaining whatsoever if the government is injecting itself in negotiations and going to company officials and saying don't cave in to employee demands," Archuleta complains. "No longer are there two parties. There's the specter of a third, the government."

"However," he adds, "it's a voluntary program anyway and we choose not to volunteer. If we negotiate those items [approved by a vote of the membership for bargaining], we will certainly break the guidelines. And it's our intention to break those guidelines if we possibly can, even though we are up against the biggest corporations in the world."

Ironically, the first test of Carter's inflation policy is one that demonstrates how little impact workers' wages often have on price increases. Even though the relatively skilled refinery workers make an average of \$8.82 an hour, according to the union, that figures out to less than a cent per gallon of gasoline in labor costs.

While administration officials—reportedly Vice-President Walter Mondale and Bosworth—were urging oil companies to show patriotic vigilance against any oil worker wage increase, Carter is also planning decontrol of gasoline prices, which will push prices up faster and farther than a doubling or more of oil worker wages would.

If oil workers strike nationwide for the first time since 1969, the companies will undoubtedly try to use management personnel to run the highly automated refineries. But union officials doubt that will seriously weaken their strike power. "It doesn't seem logical that they would have 1,400 people working in their refinery at Whiting, Ind., if they didn't need them," district director Ernest Toth reasoned.

The 12-member National Oil Bargaining Policy Committee—including one union member elected from each of eight districts—will decide on acceptance of a pattern settlement, which would then ultimately be referred back to 411 local unions for ratification. President Al Grossiron already has authority to call a strike. That could give Jimmy Carter a taste of what his New Year will be like. ■

RACE DISCRIMINATION

Oakland black mayor's liberal bloc endangered

By Randall Risener

OAKLAND, CALIF.

MAYOR LIONEL WILSON—the city's first black mayor—and the coalition of liberal-left Democrats, community activists and minorities that put him into office more than a year ago may be parting ways.

This rift went "public" recently on the heels of allegations that Wilson and his administration are trying to stifle probes into charges of racial discrimination within the Oakland Police Department (OPD).

In a sense, the present controversy and potential ramifications reflect a city of political, racial and economic diversity moving from one era into another. For Wilson it began with his election last year. For the OPD it started in 1969.

That year saw this city signing a consent decree as a result of a lawsuit alleging racial discrimination in the department's hiring practices.

Ensuing years brought an increase in employment of black officers—many critics, though, say that the OPD's racial ratio is still unrepresentative of the city's population.

By 1975, however, the OPD's racial policies were back in the news with the issue focusing on promotions, transfers and assignments. The city council sided with complaining black officers that year and commanded the department to correct its internal practices.

"All's well that ends well," the saying goes and the OPD seemingly had proved that rhetoric a truism until last month when controversy was once again placed before the public by the city's Civil Service Commission.

Chaired by Sandre Swanson, a Wilson appointee, the commission tackled recent and long-standing complaints leveled by the Oakland Black Officers Association (OBOA) and community activists.

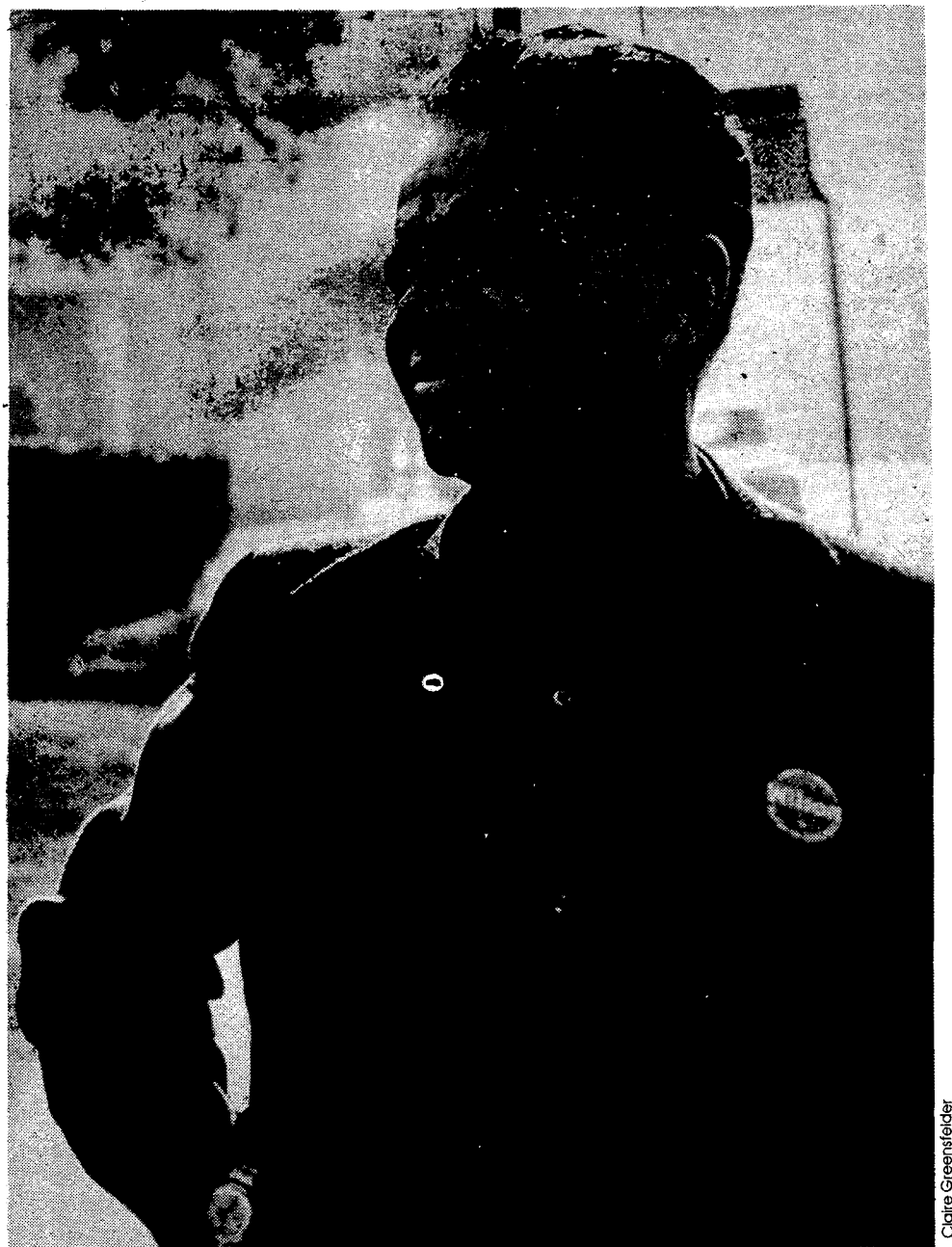
Discrimination does exist.

Whether or not discrimination exists within the OPD is not the point of dispute—all sides agree it does. How to resolve the issue promotes current dissention and the hearings have produced little more than bitter accusations and denials with their continuation prompting Wilson's latest headache.

Of late, Wilson has called for a halt to the public hearing replacing them with a settlement worked out between his administration, the OBOA and OPD.

"It's my feeling," Wilson said, "that the hearings won't lead to a resolution. The commission is only an advisory body that makes recommendations to the city manager and the city manager already feels he can put positive changes into effect. I would like to see the hearings suspended."

While critics have offered little "hard evidence" to contradict Wilson's assertions, black community leaders argue that the hearings should continue in order to spotlight public attention on the



Lionel Wilson, Oakland's first black mayor.

situation. Many feel that nonpublic negotiations would "ease the heat" on public officials, leaving them less inclined to follow through on public promises.

The running battle between the OBOA, OPD and Wilson was highlighted recently by the resignation of Sgt. Calvin Young, a ten-year veteran of the force and a founder and vice-president of the OBOA.

Young said that negotiating with the OPD and the city was analogous to

"blacks in Africa negotiating with Ian Smith of Rhodesia."

Private negotiations.

Many observers feel that Wilson's recent attempts to handle the OPD affair on a more private basis may be a natural reaction to protect the image of his administration on the heels of a recent scandal in which the former director of the city's

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FREE SPEECH

BU president fires key broadcaster

By Anita Diamant

BOSTON

TURMOIL HAS PERIODICALLY rocked Boston University since John R. Silber was named president in 1971. While workers on the campus successfully organized unions despite union-busting activities that brought the University before the National Labor Relations Board and into court, other people on campus have been dumped by Silber in his efforts to gain "financial stability through managerial excellence," excellence being Silber's buzzword and his device to severely limit free speech on campus.

One of Silber's favorite targets has been the University radio station, WBUR, which has gained a national reputation as part of National Public Radio. Silber's interference led to a Boston public hearing of the directors of NPR and on the day before his Christmas vacation, Steve Slade, executive producer for public affairs at WBUR was fired with no reason offered after three and a half years. It seems clear, though, that his outspoken opposition to the increasing intervention by university officials was the cause.

Tapes not aired.

Slade and other station workers feel he got the axe because he talked to local newspapers about two tapes that were kept off the air because they obtained comments critical of Silber.

After Slade's firing, Gail Fuhrer, a public affairs producer, was asked to assume Slade's responsibilities. "Nobody told us he was fired," Fuhrer said when she re-

signed in protest.

The firing of the public affairs producer may be the final blow to the station's autonomy and to its national reputation as a leader in public radio. WBUR was the first station on the East Coast to air regular programming for the gay community. A show produced by Norfolk prisoners has been a regular feature for years and the Assassination Information Bureau was given air time even before they were considered respectable.

"Foreign Policy Report" is now off the air, and Slade thinks that programs like "The Struggle," a minority maga-

strengthening.... I think WBUR must be a vehicle through which we should inform the public about Boston University."

Last summer, pressure began to build and administration desires began to be felt in hiring, firing, and program development. Eventually, the station manager, Bonnie Cronin, and program director, Vic Wheatman, resigned. Slade says the station's content has suffered since because acting replacements without expertise were hired. "We were treading water and filling in the holes," says Slade. The lack of new programs produced by the station meant more reliance on increasingly

"Managerial excellence" is the slogan Silber uses to severely limit free speech on Boston University campus.

zine, are in jeopardy too.

Last spring, a pro-Silber professor was assigned to oversee the day-to-day functions of the station, to get the programming more in line with the university's "mission." A letter from Silber to his "overseer" was made public and caused an uproar at the station, within the university community, and in the Boston press.

Silber said, "We should not lend ourselves to the advocacy of drug usage, homosexuality, quack psychotherapy, or of anything else that is likely to frustrate the optimum personal fulfillment of our students or of citizens.... We should reflect our concern for the role of the family as a continuing structure in American society and contribute what we can to its

"safe" National Public Radio features.

Slade thinks the university has successfully sabotaged "one of the leading public radio stations. We are no longer in the vanguard. Nothing was created to replace what went off the air. We're living off the capital of previous programming. They've already done the damage."

No more pressure.

For Steve Slade, there's nothing left to do except talk to reporters. "I have no legal recourse," he said after consulting local lawyers. "You can be fired for speaking out in the private sector. All that's left is to get publicity. They hate publicity enough to fire people for it, so obviously it's detrimental to them."

Slade's departure may signal the end of the pressure WBUR will exert on the administration. "Once they can appoint the management," warns Slade, "they can make changes without Silber headlines."

Silber headlines have appeared in the *New York Times* and *Esquire* magazine as well as the local Boston papers and more are on the way. The Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts filed a lawsuit on behalf of the staff of the Boston University *Exposure*, a subsidized student newspaper. The suit charged BU with repression of freedom of the press and free speech and also with breach of contract. *Exposure* claims that the university is seeking to censor the publication by withholding funds which were allocated to the newspaper. The paper has been bitterly critical of Silber's policies and gave extensive coverage to developments at the radio station.

What happened at WBUR isn't likely to spark much activity on campus. The station is a professional operation with little student input, and besides, the recent firing took place when students were away on winter vacation.

But as Slade and others point out, enormous pressures and resentments from every faction on campus persist. "The best bet is that there will be an open confrontation in the spring," predicted Slade. Silber survived a concerted attempt by professors and students to oust him in 1976, but the developments of the past year have further united faculty, students, clerical and grounds workers and public sentiment against the man who boasted that the university would have to accept him as he was, "warts and all."

POLITICAL MURDER

Letelier trial opens amidst threats

By Jeff Stein

WASHINGTON

THREATS TO THE JUDGE—ONLY last week—and prosecutor and terrified prosecution witnesses, leading to what FBI agents called unprecedented security precautions, marked preparations for the trial that opens here Jan. 9 of three men for the murder of Chilean exile leader Orlando Letelier.

The prosecution is expected to present 70 witnesses who will unravel the background and planning for the murder plot, said to have originated within the inner circles of the Chilean military government headed by Gen. Augusto Pinochet.

The lead-off witness is expected to be Michael Moffitt, 27, a colleague of Letelier's at the Institute for Policy Studies, who was riding in Letelier's car on Sept. 21, 1976, when a bomb attached to its undercarriage exploded, taking the life of Moffitt's wife, Ronni, as well as Letelier's.

Moffitt will tell the jury of 12 men and women from the District of Columbia how he and his wife, married only four months, borrowed Letelier's car the night before the assassination because their own was not working. They picked up Letelier on the morning of Sept. 21 at his home in suburban Bethesda, Md., and began the 20-minute drive to tragedy in the Dupont Circle area of the city.

According to FBI agents investigating the case, the powerful plastique charge had been attached to the Letelier car two days earlier by an agent of the Chilean secret police, an American expatriate by the name of Michael Vernon Townley.

Townley was arrested and turned over to U.S. authorities in Chile last April after photos of him appeared in a Santiago newspaper. In Washington, he quickly confessed to carrying out the plot with a team of right-wing Cuban exile terrorists he had recruited, and entered a guilty plea in exchange for a reduced sentence.

Investigative sources say that Townley has told them he had directed the Cubans to kill Letelier on the morning of Sept. 30 just over the city line in suburban Bethesda, Md., as Letelier drove to work.

But the Cubans reportedly failed to pick up Letelier's car from their stake-out point. The next day they caught up to Letelier as he and the Moffitts drove through the fashionable Embassy Row section of Washington. The bomb was set off by remote control radio.

"I heard the sound of water dripping on a hot wire," Moffitt recalled, "and then saw a flash." The powerful explosion ripped up from under Letelier's seat, instantly killing him. A sliver of metal pierced Ronni Moffitt's throat, fatally wounding her.

Five persons indicted.

Twenty months later, after an exhaustive investigation ranging across four continents and involving the cooperation of at least five agencies of the U.S. government, eight persons were indicted in the murders.

Chief among them was Manuel Contreras, head of Chile's secret police (DINA) at the time of the murders, and two other senior secret police officers. So far, Chilean authorities have refused to hand them over to stand trial here.

Three of the Cubans indicted in the alleged plot, members of the militantly anti-communist, New Jersey-based Cuban Nationalist Movement, have been arrested and will stand trial. Two more Cubans have been indicted but remain at large.

Government testimony in the first stages of the trial will attempt to map out the origins of the murder plot in Santiago in the summer of 1976, the assignment of the mission to Townley, the recruitment of the Cubans, and the surveillance of Letelier's movements around Washington by additional agents of the Chilean



Ronni Moffitt, who died with Letelier.

Michael Moffitt, widower of Ronni Moffitt, will be the lead-off witness in the trial of the three men accused of the murders.

secret police.

Much of the government's case will depend on Townley, the son of a Ford Motor Company executive, who lived in Chile for most of his 35 years. During the tenure of the socialist Allende government from 1970 to 1973, Townley participated in underground terrorist activities with an extreme right-wing anti-Allende organization called "Fatherland and Liberty."

Apparently because of contacts Townley nurtured in anti-communist Cuban exile circles in Miami during a short stay there in 1973, he was selected for the Letelier murder mission. The Cubans were recruited, according to Townley and other potential witnesses, with offers of an exchange for Chilean aid for their campaign against Fidel Castro.

Hostile Cuban exiles.

Although most Cuban exile groups have entered into a new era of friendliness with Castro over the recent release of political prisoners, some groups have maintained a hostile stance. In Miami recently, the airwaves have been filled with appeals for defense funds for the Cubans indicted in the Letelier case.

For the past few months, the Cubans' defense team has sought to pry loose any evidence of CIA complicity in the Letelier case, apparently hoping to force the government to retreat from its charges on national security grounds.

So far, CIA affidavits have revealed only that the CIA had contact with Townley on at least three occasions, and at one point, expressed an interest in recruiting

him as an agent.

On Nov. 25, 1970, Townley called up the CIA's Miami field office "to offer his services to the Agency," one affidavit states.

The following February, "preliminary security approval" was granted "to use Mr. Townley in an operational capacity," but according to another affidavit, "subsequent efforts to re-establish contacts...in 1971 were unsuccessful, and on Dec. 21, 1971, the Office of Security was informed there was no longer any operational interest in Mr. Townley."

In June, 1973, Townley again called the Miami CIA office "to notify Agency of his presence in the U.S. in the event it desired to debrief him. He claimed while in Chile he had tried unsuccessfully to contact CIA," the affidavit states.

"On 18 June 1973, Mr. Townley again telephoned the overt agency representative in Miami. He was told that the Agency had no questions for him, but would be pleased to accept any information he wanted to pass."

"No such information," the CIA affidavit states, "was given the agency by Mr. Townley."

Cubans charge CIA ties.

The CIA says there was no other contact between it and Townley. But lawyers for the Cubans charged in court last week that Townley had signed the guest register of a Fort Lauderdale company they called a "CIA front" on the day of the Letelier murder to establish an alibi.

They identified the company as Audio Intelligence Development, Inc., a bugging equipment manufacturing firm that has held several sales and training contracts with foreign police agencies. Pacific News Service reported last May that the company had supplied equipment for the Letelier assassination, but no mention of this was made in court. Judge Barrington Parker ordered government prosecutors to turn over additional files from the CIA to clear up questions of Townley's relationship with the spy agency.

Townley's alleged visit to Audio Intelligence Development was apparently only part of elaborate attempts by the Chilean secret police to establish alibis.

Around the time of the Letelier hit, investigative sources have revealed, two DINA agents, whose real names are Riveros and Mosquera, visited Florida using the same fake names as Townley and another Chilean agent used on passports for their trip to Washington.

Townley's wife, meanwhile, who was also on the DINA payroll and knowledge-

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P.R. men front for Chilean junta

By Beth Bogart

WASHINGTON

USING MONEY AND PROPAGANDA supplied by the regime of Chilean dictator Augusto Pinochet, an illegal front organization has manipulated American journalists, members of Congress, and the public.

That allegation may sound familiar but last month it came from an unexpected accuser: the U.S. Justice Department.

According to Justice's civil lawsuit filed Dec. 18, a New York public relations consultant, Marvin Liebman, falsified lobbying disclosure statements about his ostensibly privately funded Chilean-American Council to disguise his true client, the Chilean junta.

Liebman and his public relations firm were recommended to Chilean government officials three-and-a-half years ago by columnist William Buckley, Justice alleged. According to memoranda from Liebman, "The public posture" of the new Chilean-American lobbying group

"must be completely independent of the Chilean government," but the group would serve as "advisers" to the junta and "require its full cooperation and support."

Justice also charged Liebman's former Washington representative, L. Francis Bouche, with failing to disclose publicly the details of his effort to plant articles favorable to Pinochet with the press and to lobby members of Congress.

In October 1975, Bouche wrote the Chilean Foreign Ministry requesting drafts of articles he could "rewrite in an American journalistic style." Bouche's associate, columnist Lee Edwards, then based a column "in large part" on the Ministry's material.

Bouche also claimed to have prepared "white papers" for senators and representatives about to vote on matters of concern to Chile. "The debate [in the House] shows the effect of my 'white papers' on Chile's military needs," Bouche boasted after the House defeated a proposed ban on arms sales to the junta. "We can groom someone like Sen. Garn (R-UT) to

be a champion for Chile," he wrote, "but in order to do so we must first have the Senator or one of his chief advisers invited to Chile."

Bouche also proposed that the Chilean-American Council "organize and finance an Independent Commission to Investigate Human Rights in Chile." The Commission "would visit Chile for two weeks and conduct hearings," then issue a report challenging facts presented by Sen. Edward Kennedy during the congressional debate on the arms ban on Chile. "I believe I could get Sen. Bob Packwood (R-OR) and Sen. John Glenn (D-OH) to serve on the commission," Bouche wrote. Neither "are regarded as old-line conservative anti-Communists but both of them voted against the Kennedy amendment (I did a lot of work on Packwood.)"

Justice is asking District Court judge John Pratt to order Liebman to file corrected lobbying forms under the Foreign Registration Act and to stop using the U.S. mails for unmarked "political propaganda."

Newark recovery

Continued from page 4.

Meanwhile the North Ward Educational and Cultural Center has matured into the thriving focal point of a community that refused to die. Its programs of child care, care for the elderly and its vocational training programs are being copied all over America.

"We don't go in for storefront liberalism here," Aduato says. "Black people and white people in this city communicate with each other."

Waitresses in restaurants, sidewalk merchants on Mulberry Street, kids on skate



Stephen Aduato

boards in Vailsburg, even the bus driver on the Springfield Avenue run—all agree with the "experts" that Newark is a city in the midst of an impressive revival.

For Samuel Miller, it was back in 1971, when museum attendance started climbing again, for the first time since the riots four years earlier. For many in the North Ward, it was a cold December night in

1976 when the North Ward Cultural Center caught fire—and Italians and blacks, Hispanics and Portuguese, people from every neighborhood in the city rallied to help restore it. For Don Dust, who had worked for years in the suburbs as a journalist, it was the day he came downtown to stay—and moved into an old red brick house on historic James Street.

For nearly 1,000 old people in Newark, it was the day last year when Essex Plaza completed its metamorphosis from an abandoned shell, full of filth and junkies, into a spacious, warm and secure home for the elderly—the biggest, most successful and most admired example of urban rehabilitation in America today. For Jerome Hines—another son of Newark who saw something there he couldn't let die—it was the evening of April 22, 1977. That was the night—its ornaments regilded; every crystal shining; every seat filled; its stage alive again—that Symphony Hall reopened after ten years of darkness.

Stella Wright rejuvenated.

But when Regional Plan Associates studied Newark this year, they pointed not to a time, but to a place—to Newark's foreboding massive Stella Wright public housing project. If Newark for a decade was the epitome of everything that was wrong with America's cities, Stella Wright was the epitome of everything that was wrong with Newark. Originally built to house more than 1,100 low-income families back in those days when the most enlightened urbanologist and most avaricious contractor alike agreed the best solution for poverty was to stack the poor, far away from the nice neighborhoods, in impersonal high rises in city centers, Stella

Wright over the years degenerated into a breeding ground of crime, disease, riot and arson.

What the tenants did not do to each other, inhuman administration did. Maintenance was so bad that many tenants fled; others refused to pay their rent. Its urine-soaked halls were unsafe by day and night. Many believed the only solution for Stella Wright—as for Newark itself—was to abandon the place, and start over again someplace else. But that was before the tenants themselves, with city cooperation, took over management of their own buildings, and organized to set and maintain standards in their own lives.

When they visited Stella Wright this year, the experts from Regional Plan Associates found not despair, but "new optimism," not urban decline, but "a metaphor for urban change in New Jersey." "Stella Wright is full again," they reported; "some families who could afford to move out have chosen to stay. The halls and yards are neater; things work. A project that had been called unmanageable is being managed by tenants once thought unable to manage anything."

Certainly Newark continues to have problems, many of them a function of outside social and economic forces in the country that are beyond its control. Newark still has one of the highest unemployment rates in the nation, even though there are about 180,000 jobs—or one for every two residents—in the city. The jobs in themselves are of little help, because two out of every three people who work in Newark live outside the city, in the New Jersey suburbs or in New York. So not only do the vast majority of those who benefit from Newark's economic progress pay little or no taxes there, but also Newark constantly subsidizes the affluence of the neighboring suburbs.

Gibson predicted success.

Shortly after Kenneth Gibson was elect-

ed in 1970, the New Jersey state legislature voted to exempt even police and teachers from the obligation of living in the community they serve. The result is that even though Newark's population is two-thirds black, the majority of city employees are white, and many—including about two-thirds of the police force—live outside the city.

In addition, two-thirds of all the real estate in Newark—ranging from charitable institutions to the massive land holdings of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey—is tax-exempt. Cities like Newark are thus obliged to tax heavily that small minority of working homeowners who still remain within the city limits, risking an acceleration of middle class flight by both whites and blacks that has turned many cities into daytime business districts surrounded by slums.

Only a growing dependence on federal aid has permitted Newark, and may cities like it, to cope with the situation.

"Everyone arrives in Newark a pessimist," said Langdon Dames, a transplanted New Yorker who heads the local Urban League. "But if you're willing to look at Newark without prejudice, you start to see what people are achieving. Newark has made an optimist out of me."

People said Newark was dead ten years ago; soon the new conventional wisdom will be that it has come alive miraculously again. The truth is Newark is not a garden now; it wasn't a wasteland then. It's a city, a place where things happen. That is what Mayor Gibson meant all those years he was telling the suburbs, the Sunbelt, committees in Washington, legislators in Trenton, anyone who would listen: "Watch Newark. Wherever America is going, Newark will get there first."

(© 1978 Pacific News Service)

T.D. Allman, a contributing editor of Harper's magazine, is East Coast editor of Pacific News Service. His magazine account of Newark's revival will appear in the January issue of New Jersey Monthly.

Rape case

Continued from page 3.

she'd been offered \$50,000 for her story. The offer came almost two months after she'd charged her husband with rape. And, as Greta put it, "When I'm being offered money, especially when I'm sitting here on welfare, I'd be dumb not to accept it."

Because it is legal for a man to rape his wife in most states, the number of such incidents is not known. The act may not even be defined as rape by many women. Nor do their husbands, men like John Rideout (by all accounts a non-aggressive man outside of his marriage) view their sexual aggression as rape. According to Norma Joyce, of the Salem Women's Crisis Center, the subject often comes up in her counseling of battered women. "And once we begin to talk about it," she said, "then sometimes they're able to realize their sexual abuse could have the label rape." During the Rideout case, the Center received numerous calls from battered women across the country who said they'd been raped by their husbands as well.

Suicide contemplated.

Just getting out of the situation alive is difficult for most of these women. Greta said she contemplated suicide "but I ruled it out because of Jenny."

"And even given the legal option, pressing charges against one's husband is not easy. Although Greta appeared to be on trial as much as was her husband, she said "the trial was a cinch" compared to the three-hour interrogation of her past sex life by the district attorney's office.

She also felt the case was "twisted on both ends," with her in the middle.

"If I said something similar had happened before, then they wanted to know why this was different," she said. "But if it was just this once, then it was totally out of character." The Salem District Attorney's office, which has the lowest rape prosecution rate in the country, apparently was not eager to make national news. After the trial, District Attorney Charles Gortmaker said he was satisfied with the verdict.

Crisis Center director Nancy Burch, however, thinks the Rideout acquittal may cause "ignorant, violent men to snicker, and others may be inspired."

As far as her estranged husband is concerned, Greta Rideout doesn't know what impact the trial has had on him. She can only fear that "it's going to happen again to some other woman."

Since she filed suit against her husband, Greta has been living with a member of the Crisis Center, receiving welfare benefits. Her husband has been living with his family in Silverton, Ore. In recent weeks, she has received numerous offers to appear on television and radio talk shows and to write her story. She has announced that she will appear on several national talk shows and will donate the proceeds of these efforts to women's rights groups and rape relief groups.

Letelier

Continued from page 7.

able of the operation but not indicted, is now under U.S. protection in the Washington area. She is expected to testify in the trial.

The prosecutors also possess information that links Townley and the Chilean secret police to attacks on other exiles abroad. But it is not likely to be revealed in court because of plea-bargaining arrangements with Townley.

These attacks include the fatal car bombing of former Chilean General Carlos Prats in Buenos Aires in 1974, and the daylight machine-gun attack on Christian Democrat leader Bernardo Leighton in Rome in 1975. Leighton survived.

Europeans may testify.

It is expected that the government will try to establish a motive for the killing of Letelier through the testimony of European officials whom the exile leader lobbied in efforts to cut off aid and credits to the Pinochet government in 1976. Among these would be officials of the Dutch government, whom Letelier successfully persuaded to cancel a \$62.5 million credit.

Because he was a former Chilean ambassador to the U.S., and Chile's foreign

minister and minister of defense on the day of the coup against Allende, Letelier was the most effective lobbyist against the junta. He was also the acknowledged leader of Chilean exiles.

The Letelier trial, dragging out the details of a cold-blooded political execution, comes at a time when U.S.-Chile relations are already suffering from new bruises.

On Dec. 18, the Justice Department filed a civil suit against Marvin Liebman, secretary pro tem of the American-Chilean Council, charging him with failing to report secret financing of the pro-Pinochet lobbying group from the Chilean government. The Justice Department described the group, set up by Liebman with the help of conservative columnist William Buckley in 1974, as nothing more than a "letterhead" operation designed to circulate pro-Pinochet propaganda.

Also in December, a former DINA agent led Catholic priests and Chilean magazine editors to a mineshaft outside Santiago where more than 25 bodies were uncovered, allegedly victims of political executions. Sen. Edward Kennedy and Rep. Tom Harkin issued statements demanding an international inquiry.

That event was preceded only shortly by an AFL-CIO endorsement of an international shipping boycott of Chile, likely to begin the same week as the Letelier trial.

Oakland

Continued from page 6.

Office of Economic Development (a holdover from Wilson's predecessor) admitted stealing \$35,000 from that agency.

Wilson's present difficulties constitute the first "public" break between himself and any major segment of his campaign supporters.

But for many, the only surprise is that it has taken more than a year for the "wall to crack."

In order to win the mayoral race, Wilson put together a coalition that still amazes many: liberals, moderates, socialists, minorities, community activists,

Democrats, Republicans, the Black Panthers, business leaders and such progressive East Bay legislators as Assemblyman Tom Bates, Alameda County Supervisor John George and Rep. Ronald Delums.

Wilson, a self-described political moderate, actually promised little other than open government, leadership and an attack on unemployment (which generally hovers around 12 percent citywide and is much higher within the black community) through economic redevelopment.

Record a mixed bag.

By most accounts Wilson's record is a mixed bag. Reporters who regularly cover City Hall complain he is inaccessible, some city council members privately say they feel there is little direction emanating from the Mayor's chambers and he has actively promoted—to the dismay of some of his more liberal supporters—large-scale corporate development of downtown Oakland, including the controversial Hong Kong redevelopment project—a center conceived by Hong Kong development interests as revitalizing Oakland's Chinatown, opposed by many in Chinatown and financially backed, partially, by the city.

Although criticism is quietly voiced, a number of supporters say he has virtually neglected the many community groups that backed his candidacy and questions abound over his support for the National Guard's efforts to recruit unemployed black youth into an Oakland Guard.

Differences are not limited to policy issues and Wilson, in three elections this year (two primaries and one general), broke with his left-oriented support and endorsed the more moderate of the candidates in those contests.

The Wilson administration is still young, is not in danger of toppling and Oakland's left has no viable candidate to offer as an alternative. And while many of his disgruntled supporters try to figure out "what went wrong," Wilson appears to be putting together a less volatile, more stable coalition of economic moderates, social liberals, and corporate business interests.

Wilson is, after all, a moderate—he said so himself while on his way to City Hall last year.

IN THE WORLD

IRAN

HOW DO I
GET MYSELF
INTO THESE
THINGS?..



Shah designates opponent as leader

By Stephen Daggett

ON DEC. 29, DR. SHAHPOUR Bahktiar, a leader of Iran's National Front, accepted the Shah's request to try to form a new civilian cabinet as part of a compromise solution to the continuing crisis. But it is a sign of the Shah's weakness that Bahktiar has so far failed completely—the National Front has expelled him, there is no evidence of labor support, and, most importantly, none of the religious leadership has been in the least interested. Bahktiar's misadventure would seem to demonstrate that there can be no solution to the crisis in Iran until the Shah is gone.

The Shah turned to Bahktiar because of his personal ties to Iran's ruling circles. But he thought that Bahktiar's former role in the Labor Ministry of nationalist Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh would guarantee some labor backing.

The Bahktiar are a major tribal group, and their leading families have long been important actors in Iran's national politics. One of Shahpour's grandfathers was a prime minister and even under the current Shah's father, Reza Shah Pahlavi, the Bahktiar maintained a powerful, independent political base. Eventually this led them into conflict with Reza Shah, who executed three of the tribe's leading khans.

In 1951 the young Mohammed Reza Shah made peace with the most prominent branch of the family by then based in Tehran, by marrying Soraya Bahktiar, and he chose Soraya's first cousin, Gen. Feroz Bahktiar, as the original head of SAVAK in 1957. (Later the Shah divorced Soraya, and Feroz split politically with the Shah, was dismissed, went into exile, was sentenced to death in absentia, and finally was assassinated.)

Shahpour Bahktiar is not closely related to Soraya or Feroz—they were only third- and fourth-cousins, and Shahpour

comes from the other side of a major split in the family. He is, however, still part of Iran's small, closely-knit ruling class.

Served as Deputy Minister.

Shahpour Bahktiar first became active

in politics when he returned from his education in France to serve as a Deputy Minister of Labor under the nationalist prime minister Mohammed Mossadegh. As part of Iran's very small national bourgeoisie, Bahktiar's nationalist politics at the time were not too surprising. But after Mossa-

degh was overthrown he maintained consistent and often vocal opposition to the Shah, and even his own side of the family therefore came to treat him as an outcast.

Bahktiar was active in the National Front in the 1960-63 period of relatively

Without the support of the Islamic opposition or his own National Front, Dr. Shahpour Bahktiar is not expected to succeed.

open politics, and in early 1977 he was one of three National Front leaders (the others were Karim Sanjabi and Dariush Foruhar) who wrote an open letter criticizing the Shah's economic program and demanding respect for the constitution.

Bahktiar and other National Front lead-

ers represent a conservative solution to Iran's crisis, at odds with the socialist currents within the opposition. But Bahktiar's willingness to accept the Shah's request to form a government, and his subsequent expulsion, reflects differences among the National Front leaders themselves.

Sanjabi, Foruhar, and other leaders have insisted that the National Front alone cannot form a new government—the prior agreement and participation of Iran's religious opposition is necessary. But in accepting the Shah's offer, Bahktiar has attempted to go it alone—with failure almost certain.

It may be that Bahktiar took such a step because he saw himself standing between the opposition and a military coup.

Stephen Daggett works with the *Militarism and Disarmament Project of the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington, D.C.*

Islam plays progressive role

DESPITE THE BREADTH OF the anti-Shah movement, it is still described by some as being dominated by "reactionary mullahs" and their "fanatical Muslim" followers, who object not to 50 years of repression under the Shah and his father, nor to the tragic waste of the nation's natural wealth, nor to years of foreign domination, but to the Shah's "modernization" program, to the liberation of women, and to the introduction of moving pictures and other acts of sacrilege and pornography.

This interpretation of the Islamic opposition is badly one-sided. There certainly is a traditionalist and even puritanical cast to positions taken by some of the clerical leadership, but in the current situation what is clearly predominant is the social-

ly progressive and strongly anti-imperialist character of the Shiite Islamic opposition. This progressive content has deep roots in Iranian history and in contemporary Iranian society.

The Shah's religious opponents are not for restoring feudalism, but for creating social justice in Iran.

Historically, Shiite Islam, which is the religion of 93 percent of Iran's population, is a minority sect. Its predominance in Iran reflects a long struggle against

foreign political domination and against persecution and injustice within Islam in the Mideast. It honors many martyrs of the faith, who are understood to be political heroes. In addition, the clergy in Iran has never served as a judicial or educational arm of the ruling dynasty as the *ulama* did in many other Islamic countries. Instead, there has always been some tension between the clergy and the state.

During the period leading up to and following the Constitutional Revolution of 1905 to 1911, when the political leadership of the country acted repeatedly as agents of foreign powers (especially Russia and Britain), the clergy was a force of resistance. It cooperated with the government for independence and a constitutionalism led by Iran's reformist liberal.

Continued on page 18

SOUTH AFRICA

Ruling party apartheid split underlies 'Infogate' scandal



In a South African cartoon, Gen. Hendrik van den Bergh holds former Information Minister Connie Mulder in his hand. On the board, Foreign Minister Pik Botha (left) faces President John Vorster in the foreground, while Prime Minister P.W. Botha looks on in the back.

One faction of the National party wants to compromise with world opinion, while the other will brook no change in apartheid.

By Our Correspondent
in Southern Africa

MR. JUSTICE RUDOLPH Erasmus, the head of the three-man special commission investigating South Africa's widening "Infogate" scandal, was sputtering with rage. Against all expectations, the commission had produced a report that sharply criticized high-ranking Nationalist party politicians with mismanaging more than \$55 million in funds spent by the now-defunct Department of Information and then attempting to cover up the fraud.

Among those named in the report was Gen. Hendrik van den Bergh, until recently the head of the feared Bureau of State Security (BOSS), South Africa's intelligence organization, and a long-time friend of State President B.J. Vorster. Van den Bergh immediately called a press conference and arrogantly labelled the commission's report "a fraud."

The next day Erasmus responded with fury. He told a reporter, "A commission like this will not let itself be put off by Gen. van den Bergh's judgments. If I pay attention to every baboon, where will I be then?" He said there was little else he could do about the wiry, sinister spy-master, who has frequently been blamed for ordering the torture of political prisoners. "I cannot shoot him or poison him," the judge said.

Such attacks against the man who had been at times described as the most powerful man in the country were only part of a week of surprises as the Assembly held an unprecedented special session to discuss the commission's findings. The widespread astonishment was not at the fraud itself—which has been hinted at in increasingly specific press reports over the past year—but at the government's permitting it to be exposed in such detail. Only a month ago Prime Minister P.W. Botha had disbanded an earlier investigation, and it looked as though a whitewash was on the way.

A ranking editor of one of the English-language newspapers that have reported the scandal explained, "Until three days before the commission reported, I was certain the government would invoke the Official Secrets Act and keep the lid on everything. I was as surprised as anyone at what came out."

Dirty tricks and lavish vacations.

The Erasmus report was not completely free of whitewash. It exonerated Vorster, the former Prime Minister, with the strained explanation that van den Bergh had kept information from him. And it also gave P.W. Botha a clean bill of health, despite reporting that much of the secret fund had been laundered through the Defense Ministry, which Botha headed before his selection as prime minister.

Nonetheless, the commission confirmed previous charges, including:

- The Department of Information had secretly pumped millions into starting a rabidly right-wing English-language newspaper, *The Citizen*, as a counter to the more liberal English press;
- The Department had secretly funded

a variety of foundations and front groups designed to burnish South Africa's image abroad. Among these was an effort in 1974 to purchase *The Washington Star*.

•Leading Nationalist figures had siphoned off funds to pay for, among other things, a mansion in Florida and lavish vacations to the Seychelles Islands; and

•The same politicians had engaged in an extensive cover-up once the scandal began to be exposed.

Both the commission, whose mandate has been extended to May 30, and sources in the press emphasized that there is more to come. "Only about half the money has been accounted for," one reporter explained, adding that he expected that Information money would turn up in the South West Africa elections.

Intraparty dispute.

Why did the government, which controls 134 of the 164 seats in the whites-only Assembly and is backed by extensive police-state powers, permit the publication of such damaging revelations? The answer is to be found in the growing dispute in the National Party between (*verligts* (Afrikaans for "enlightened"), and *verkrampes* (narrow).

The *verligts*, who include the prime minister and Pik Botha, his foreign minister, are determined to compromise with world opinion on "petty" apartheid—segregation of park benches, eating facilities, sports—in order to keep intact "grand apartheid"—the homeland policy, influx control, and the whole sophisticated apparatus of economic exploitation.

Verkrampes, who are probably closer to the National Party rank and file, counter that the erosion of petty apartheid will inevitably lead to the elimination of the entire system, and they are determined to draw the line here and now.

When the scandal first broke, it implicated former Information Minister Connie Mulder, who had nearly become prime minister and who has been linked with the *verkrampes*. Mulder, a beefy, toad-like individual, was forced to resign both his Cabinet post and his position as leader of the National Party in the Transvaal, the most important of South Africa's four provinces.

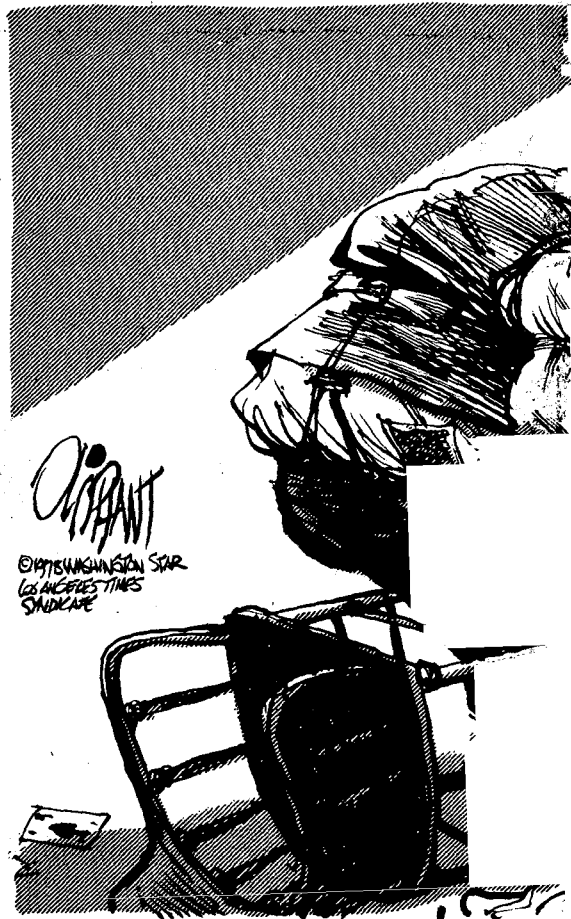
But the Transvaal party caucus then promptly replaced Mulder with Dr. Andries Treurnicht, an arch-*verkramp* known to newspaper headline writers as "Doctor No," despite extraordinary efforts by Prime Minister Botha on behalf of a *varligt* candidate.

Botha then apparently decided to use the scandal to his own advantage, allowing it to unfold and discredit as many *verkramp* as possible. He permitted Erasmus to report and even extended the commission's deadline.

Obviously, Infogate means nothing directly to South Africa's black majority. (Some blacks hope the *Verkrampes* win, because, they argue, that would hurry the ultimate confrontation.) Still, the unity among the 60 percent of the white population who are Afrikaaners, which has kept them in power for 30 years with monotonously increasing majorities, may be on the verge of breaking up.

Furthermore, the Afrikaaner image of stern, God-fearing rectitude has been irreparably damaged by the revelations of free spending in high circles. "We knew they were misguided, but we at least thought they were honest," remarked one English-speaking woman who has been active in the opposition as she watched television announcers elaborate on the corruption. "But not anymore."

And all over Johannesburg, blacks—who spend their lunch hours on the sidewalks, as they are not permitted to sit in restaurants—could be seen pouring over press accounts of the misspent millions. ■



The USSR

By Banning Garrett

DESPITE SOVIET LEADER Leonid Brezhnev's message calling the normalization of U.S.-China relations a contribution to world peace, the deep-seated fear in Moscow is that a full-blown Sino-American alliance—encompassing both Japan and NATO—will be directed against the Soviet Union.

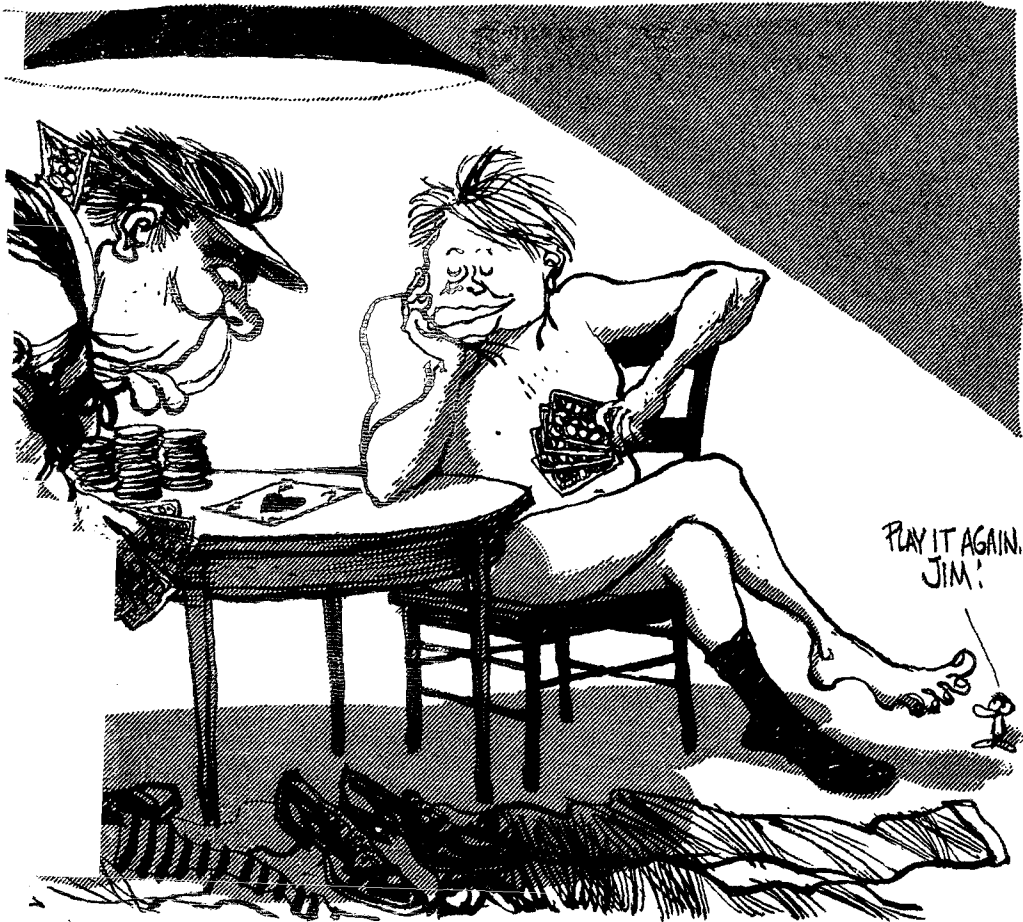
The Soviets' major preoccupation today, which even the signing of a SALT II treaty will not eliminate, is what they perceive as an accelerating move to link up Sino-American forces on their Western and Eastern flanks for possible wartime military coordination.

Carter administration officials have publicly reassured the Soviets that the normalization of relations with China was not a pressure tactic against Moscow. National Security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski said normalization "was not directed toward the Soviets or anyone else, but was designed to accomplish our objective of shaping a more open, pluralistic international system." Administration officials also have down-played the anti-hegemony clause in the joint communique—the code phrase for opposition to Soviet expansion—highlighting instead the clause stating that China and the U.S. are not prepared to enter into agreements directed toward other states.

But the Soviets have not been convinced by these predictable diplomatic statements. They have noted Washington's decision to give a green light for sales to China of defense arms by Western European countries, and to allow American sales to Peking of military-related technology, including satellites and computers, that would not be sold to Moscow. The Soviets have sent blunt warnings to the British, French and other Western European governments that arms sales to China would be considered an unfriendly act—that was contrary to detente.

The Soviets have also expressed concern that the recent Sino-Japanese peace and friendship treaty—which also contains an "anti-hegemony clause"—could lead to a Peking-Tokyo-Washington axis in the Pacific against the Soviet Union. The Soviets fear this alliance might link up with NATO.

A global pact of this kind is suggested by Pentagon consultant Michael Pillsbury in the winter issue of *Foreign Policy*. Pillsbury, who first publicly floated the idea of U.S. military ties with China three



THE CHINA CARD

U.S./USSR

Years encirclement

years ago, now recommends three-way security consultations—and even naval maneuvers—between Japan, China and the U.S. He also calls for closer U.S.-Japan military cooperation and closer Japan-NATO ties.

The idea of a NATO-Japan-China-U.S. military alliance was given added credibility by comments attributed to Chinese Vice-Premier Teng Hsiao-ping by columnist Robert Novak. Novak reported Dec. 4 that Teng was "pressing hard" for a "strong Sino-American alliance against Moscow."

Soviet leaders, diplomats and top level analysts have all said in recent weeks that the Soviet Union is eager to improve relations with Washington, but if a threatening Western alliance develops with Peking, Moscow's entire foreign policy—including detente—must be reconsidered.

In an unprecedented interview with the *London Observer* last month, Georgi Arbatov, a close adviser to Soviet President Brezhnev and director of the U.S.A. Institute in Moscow, warned that if China were to become "some sort of military ally to the West, even an informal ally," then "the whole situation would look different to us. We would have to re-analyze our relationship with the West. If such an axis is built on an anti-Soviet basis then there is no place for detente, even in a narrow sense."

The U.S. pursuit of short-term leverage over the Soviet Union, Arbatov said, "could lay the cornerstone of an absolutely new set of international relationships that would make nobody very happy." However, when asked at what point the Soviets would decide that a Chinese alliance with the West had become operative, Arbatov would say only "it is very difficult to draw the line."

Although Soviet leaders hope that the SALT II agreement will head off further Sino-American collusion and lead to improved relations between Washington and Moscow, Soviet officials have hinted that suspicions over Washington's intentions have fueled opposition within the Soviet leadership, especially the military, over the new arms accord. Soviet critics apparently argue that the new agreement is aimed at stifling Soviet strategic arms development while the U.S. is building up NATO forces on Moscow's western front and forging closer military ties with China on the eastern front.

Last month Soviet President Brezhnev pressured Warsaw Pact countries to increase their military spending—in re-

sponse, he said, to NATO's build-up and to the increasing "Chinese threat." Brezhnev's push led to a serious open dispute with Romanian President Ceausescu who refused to go along with the increase. Ceausescu said that "nothing can justify...further military expenditures...there is no imminent danger of war" statements later termed "demagogic arguments" by Brezhnev.

Ceausescu further exacerbated Moscow's troubles by rejecting a Soviet proposal for a Warsaw Pact joint command to deal with potential emergencies, and by refusing to sign declarations implicitly criticizing China, attacking the negotiations between Egypt and Israel, and supporting the Soviet shipment of MIG 23s to Cuba. The Carter administration quickly moved to support Romania's independent stand by sending Treasury Secretary Blumenthal, who was returning home from Moscow, to Bucharest—an unprecedented American involvement in a Warsaw Pact dispute.

Besides discontent in Eastern Europe, spurred on by the U.S. and China, the Soviets face growing economic difficulties at home. In a tough speech last month, Brezhnev pointed to sluggish economic growth, inefficient central planning, insufficient production of consumer goods, failure to innovate, and "uninstalled equipment worth several billion rubles [lying] uselessly in warehouses."

Although Soviets reported a record grain harvest this year, other statistics released this month indicate that the Soviet economy is not reaching most of the modest growth targets set for the five year plan that ends in 1980.

American officials frequently point to Soviet gains in the Third World—including the recent peace and friendship treaties with Ethiopia in the strategic Horn of Africa, Afghanistan on Iran's border, and Vietnam on China's southern flank—as indicating rising Soviet power at American expense. But these Soviet gains in relatively peripheral areas may be of minor consolation to Moscow when balanced against Soviet economic difficulties, troubles within the Warsaw Pact, rising NATO defense spending, and increasingly close Sino-Japanese-U.S. cooperation. The Soviets are feeling under great pressure and are apparently uncertain how to respond.

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Banning Garrett, an editor of the Berkeley, Calif.-based bi-weekly *International Bulletin*, specializes in Sino-U.S.-Soviet triangular relations.

CUBA

Release of prisoners shows new confidence

Angry exiles have mellowed, and Cuban communists no longer feel threatened by counterrevolution.

By Harvey Levenstein

FIDEL CASTRO'S PROMISED release of 3,000 of political prisoners is a dance of the aged: graying exiles, sacrificing the fading dream of a triumphant return to see their homeland and families again; secure and mellowing middle-aged revolutionaries, ready to strike deals with those they formerly reviled as "worms"; and a weary American government, trying to dispose of the embarrassing "human rights" issue so that it can get on with the real business of abandoning the last vestiges of exuberant anti-Communism in the hemisphere for the steely-eyed gaze of *realpolitik*.

In December, Fidel Castro promised a delegation of Cuban exiles visiting Havana that the 3,000 persons now in prison for crimes against the state were to be released and would be free to take their families to any country that would have them. The 12,000 former political prisoners now living in Cuba would also be free to leave with their families. The U.S., as the instigator of their counterrevolutionary activities, has a moral obligation to accept these people, said Castro.

The Carter administration has clearly been taken aback. To accept the upwards of 25,000 people would surely mean taking in many regarded as undesirable for non-political reasons. It would also almost certainly mean accepting a number of spies. The Justice Department is therefore dithering, processing the prisoners individually and slowly. In December, the Cubans complained that Washington had agreed to accept only 50 of the 76 prisoners on its first list.

One factor that may reduce the size of the problem emerged with the latest prisoner release, on Dec. 31. Only 125 of the 400 people freed said they wanted to go to the U.S. Whether this represents a trend is not clear, however, for a majority of those released had been imprisoned during the past six years, when there were relatively few trials for counterrevolutionary activities.

Cuban confidence.

The American media have tended to see the prisoner release solely as a Cuban concession to Carter, aimed at normalizing economic relations, and certainly this is a factor involved.

Castro has credited Carter's willingness to restrain terrorist attacks from the U.S. with allowing the release.

At least equally important in creating the new climate, though, have been the changes of the past 20 years both in Cuba and in the Cuban exile communities, for the prisoner release is part of a much larger cessation of hostilities between the Cuban government and large segments of the anti-Castro exile community. It is significant that the offers to release the prisoners were made to visiting delega-

tions of anti-Castro exiles, and that they were accompanied by offers to allow exiles to visit Cuba in large numbers. In turn, some exiles, concerned over preserving their children's Cuban identity, proposed that Cuban scholarships and summer camps be opened to their children and that Cuban cultural groups visit the exile communities abroad.

Behind the government's willingness to allow thousands of admittedly anti-Castro Cubans to visit their homeland, with the certainty that at least some will be working to overthrow the government, is confidence in the stability of the regime. During the first decade of the Revolution, and beyond, most revolutionaries had nightmares over the consequences of an assassination of Fidel. So personalized was the Revolution that his death would have opened a Pandora's Box of anarchic forces, opening the door for counterrevolution. The 1970s have been a time during which the Revolution institutionalized itself, transforming the Cuban Communist party into a political bureaucracy with a firm grip on power at all levels. There is little doubt now that, along with the Army, it has the power to ensure an orderly succession and the preservation of the system.

Exiles return.

The exiles have been changing as well. It is now a dwindling minority that clings to and acts upon the hope of returning to overthrow the system. A growing number are resigned to the futility of that dream and have accommodated themselves to their new homes. Many, equipped with middle-class values, skills, and capital, have done very well economically, not just in Miami and New York, but in Puerto Rico, Mexico, Central America and Venezuela as well. For them, the hope of reestablishing themselves in Cuba has taken a back seat to the desire to visit and help their relatives living in less-than-middle-class circumstances in Cuba. It is no surprise that the visiting delegation of exiles in December swept the shelves of Havana's visitors' hard currency stores of the tape recorders and other consumer items not normally available to Cubans. Indeed, some cynical observers think that the Cuban government is hoping for the same kind of dollar windfall from Cuban-Americans as the Polish economy receives from Polish-Americans.

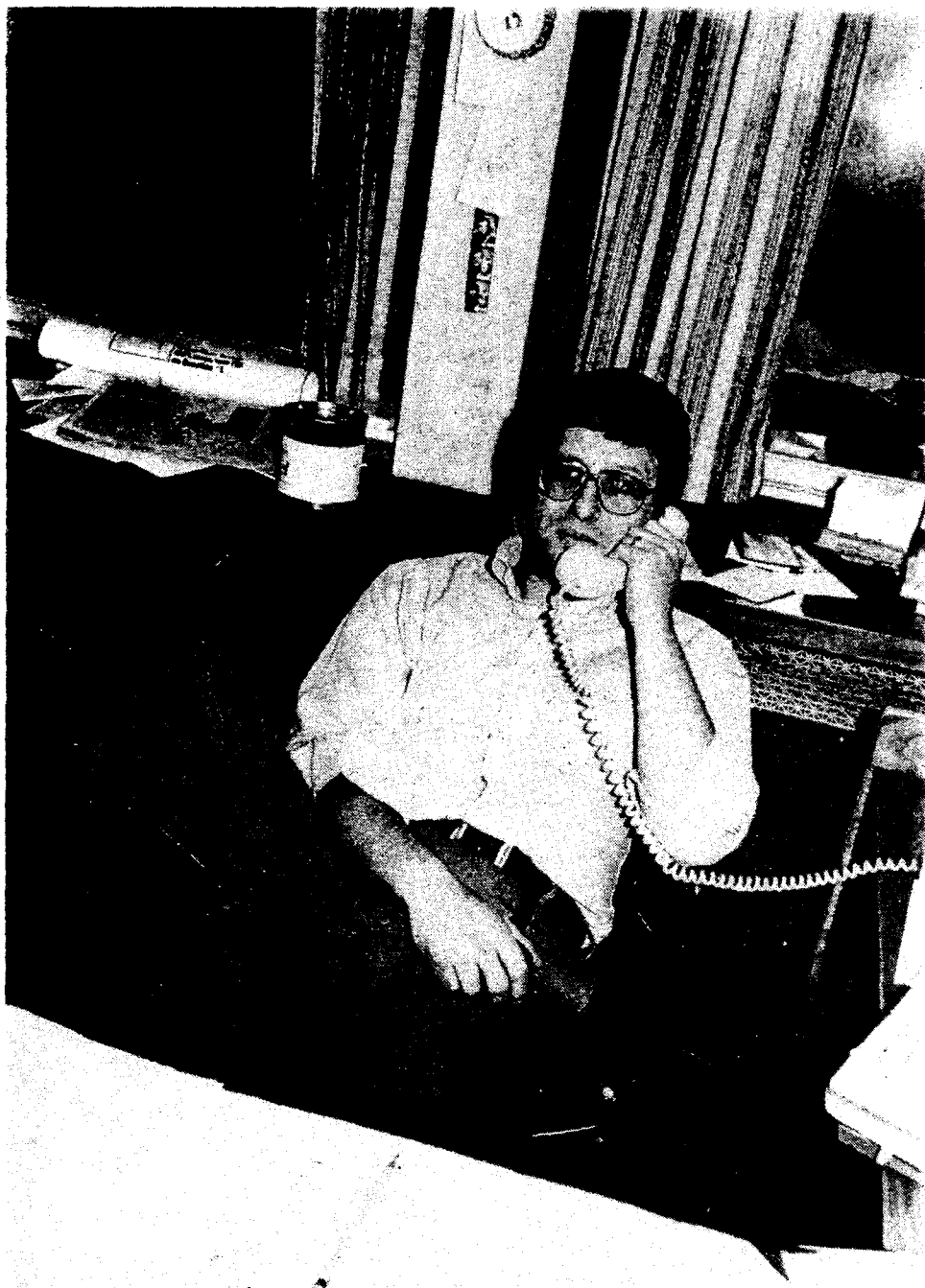
Furthermore, in the sprinkling of pro-Castro youth groups now developing among Cuban-Americans, there are indications that some of the exiles' children are more sensitive to anti-Latino prejudice than their grateful parents. They find the psychological benefits of Cuban nationalism more attractive than the economic benefits of American capitalism.

As yet, though, the young radicals play no role in the intricate *contretemps* now taking place between Havana, Miami, and Washington. It is, rather, the work of the old guard, the parents of the young who so long nourished dreams of running Castro out; the Castro regime, sure of itself and willing to be magnanimous; and the American government, caught between its traditional anti-Castro stance and the thaw.

Harvey Levenstein is Associate Professor of History at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and a writer on Latin American affairs.



John Marttila



Dan Payne

THE PERMANENT CAMPAIGN

By Sid Blumenthal

Photos by Rosina Rubin

JOHN MARTTILA HAS HAS A BAD year. He and his partners in the political consulting firm of Marttila, Payne, Kiley, & Thorne have managed some of the most widely publicized liberal losers of the season, ranging from Massachusetts Secretary of State Paul Guzzi, who ran for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senate, to Congressman Don Fraser, another senatorial hopeful who lost his primary bid in Minnesota to a conservative businessman.

Fraser's defeat was a particularly stunning blow, the precursor to the collapse of the state's Democratic Farmer-Labor party, a bitter aftermath to the happier days of Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale. When Frank Hatch, another MPKT client, lost his gubernatorial race, liberalism in Massachusetts reached a temporary dead end.

MPKT is no ordinary political consulting firm. If the average consultant could be viewed as a gunslinger, equipped with computer, mailing lists and polls instead of a sidearm, then MPKT is *The Magnificent Seven* of consultants, gunslingers with a sense of justice. The '60s version of political consulting was essentially a bastardization of modern marketing. The 1968 Nixon campaign was the classic elementary case, in which "the new Nixon" was created by common advertising methods.

The consultants supplanted the ward bosses, becoming the new brokers between the candidates and the electorate. Instead of patronage, the consultant relies upon the media to mobilize the voters. MPKT always knew there was much more to consulting than knowing how to project an image. They were field marshals in the cause of reforming the Democratic party and electing liberals.

When they started out, the services they could perform were unique. Today, the

company is no longer in advance of the state of the art. And now that many liberal Democrats seem to prefer images to issues MPKT faces a quandary.

MPKT have often been better than the politicians they represented: smarter, shrewder, and more progressive. With the drift to the right, MPKT, a barometer of liberalism, is desperately taking readings.

A TIME FOR RECONSIDERATION

"We worked for Democratic good guys," says Tom Kiley. "That gets cloudier as time goes by. The Democratic party embraces everything. It goes way beyond my criteria for progressive politics. These new Democrats in Congress are jokes. The way to win is to stand as a Democrat and run as a Republican. Everything is negative, hiding from the major issues. Nobody is talking about the redistribution of wealth. In the early 1970s, when I became involved, the meaning of the causes was more evident. Liberalism needs a new definition. Ted Kennedy or someone else is going to have to reshape the agenda. But it isn't happening in the campaigns I'm involved in. They're all hiding for political reasons."

"It's instructive," he says, "to make a list of progressive Democrats. A whole list of egomaniacs. They haven't said or done anything. There is no longer a meaningful two-party system. There's a New Right—all the action's there. What's the difference between candidates?... They won't define themselves. I guess we need a good war or some moral purpose. I don't look forward to doing this with any enthusiasm unless I can find something to give it meaning again. I've been in a position to do mainly what I've wanted for the social welfare. And I liked it. But I've lost it."

The other partners share Kiley's complaints, except for Marttila, who has reservations. "I'm frustrated," says Dan Payne. "The public is so cynical and the press is feeding it. The politicians give them back what they want. This is where Ted Kennedy stands out. He takes a position. The other pols have boxed themselves in. And the public tells them they're incompetent and that they shouldn't do anything. It's spiraling downward."

"It's a great problem," says David Thorne. We all approach this thing from an ideological commitment. We thought we could do it through the system.... Politics may not be the way to do it anymore. ...There's all kinds of money to be made in political consulting. But we haven't been a business. We've fettered ourselves with principles."

Marttila still views liberalism as a constant part of American politics. "There are plenty of progressive candidates around," he contends. "There is a clear constituency that will always field progressive candidates. There's no problem getting all the business we want." He doesn't regard consulting for liberals as a no-growth industry. He cites the example of Dear-dourff and Bailey, a Washington-based consulting operation that works only for moderate Republicans. "If they can stay alive, five companies like us could," he says.

IN THE BEGINNING

The 1970 Robert Drinan congressional campaign was a seminal political event for Massachusetts liberalism. Marttila's organizing skills were recommended to Jerome Grossman, liberal fundraiser for the nascent Drinan campaign, which was in the market for a manager. Marttila was interviewed for three hours by Drinan and hired on the spot.

Marttila son of a Detroit auto worker

John Marttila's father was an automobile worker at the mammoth Ford River Rouge plant in Detroit, a participant in the initial UAW organizing effort. "I grew up with all the biases of a progressive UAW household," Marttila says. Marttila attended a mostly black public high school in Detroit, an experience which shaped his understanding of race as a profound issue in American society. After college he went to Wayne State law school, where he met Dan Payne. Both were discontent and dropped out. Payne went to work for the Urban League and Marttila was hired by the Republican Party. The GOP in Michigan at the time was controlled by moderates trying to recruit blacks. Marttila was paid to attract blacks through community action projects. "It was a strange move," he recalls. "I had no business being in the Republican Party."

During the Robert Drinan congressional campaign of 1970 Marttila and Payne met Tom Kiley, a Jesuit seminarian from Detroit who dropped out

When Marttila moved from Detroit to Boston, Dan Payne joined him to become Drinan's press secretary, his baptismal experience with communications techniques. During the campaign, Payne and Marttila (whom Drinan calls "the dropout twins") joined with Tom Kiley, a Jesuit seminarian.

When the election ended, Marttila, Payne and Kiley journeyed to Philadelphia to work for Bill Green, heir to Philly's mainstream Democratic tradition, running for mayor against neothug Frank Rizzo. Green lost. (Green is running for mayor again next year, and he looks like the strongest candidate in the field.)

In the Green campaign, the division of labor began, with Payne handling responsibility for communications and Marttila taking care of strategy. The lines weren't rigid, and they still aren't. All the MPKT operatives are good generalists, though Payne does excell at advertising, Kiley at polling and Thorne at fundraising.

While Marttila was in Philly he was visited by Bob Weinberg, then an aide of Kevin White and now head of the Massachusetts Port Authority. White had heard stories about Marttila's effectiveness. The mayor wanted him to run his 1971 reelection campaign. Marttila met White and agreed. A romance developed, as it did with many progressives who worked for Kevin White and finally left disillusioned. "Kevin's record was as liberal as any mayor in the United States," Marttila says. "His first years were wonderful." White's 1971 victory over Louise Day Hicks was a resounding triumph for urban liberalism, a force that Marttila regarded as so vital that he thought it ought to dominate the 1972 Democratic presidential primaries.

The candidate he picked to carry the torch was New York Mayor John Lind-

Continued on page 14.



David Thorne



Tom Kiley

—Sidney Blumenthal

THE PERMANENT CAMPAIGN

Continued from page 13.

say. This affair was a brief infatuation, terminated when the initial blush faded. "We were trying to create an urban candidacy," says Tom Kiley. "We blew it. We didn't know what we got ourselves into. Lindsay was just a media hype. He was exposed for what he was. Maybe this year he would look good."

In 1972, Drinan ran again and won. In another congressional district, John Kerry, a leader of Vietnam Veterans Against the War who had attended Yale, was defeated, partly by a campaign of dirty tricks coordinated out of the Nixon White House. Kerry's campaign manager was his brother-in-law, David Thorne, who had become close to Marttila and eventually joined the firm as a partner. Thorne first met Marttila at a caucus in Concord in 1970, where Kerry challenged Drinan for the Democratic nomination for Congress.

In 1974, when Nixon named Gerald Ford as his vice-president, he created an experimental situation. In order to take the post, Ford vacated his congressional seat, which had to be filled by special election. The contest became a forum on the

Nixon presidency, and MPKT ran the campaign of the Democratic candidate, Richard VanderVeen. The firm recruited one of its gang, Tommy Valley, to join the fray. Valley, son of a local judge, Marine veteran of Vietnam who had turned against the war, started his political career as Robert Drinan's driver and worked his way up. One day in 1974, he encountered Tom Kiley in an ice skate shop. "He asked me if I wanted to go to Michigan. 'Sure,' I said, 'I want one more whack at Nixon.'" Marttila and friends applied every device they had mastered in that race. They knew from the beginning that the stakes were higher than just an election. "We knew we were going to shake the presidency," says Valley. "And we did." VanderVeen dominated the campaign by staging media events without spending to get the time, a technique that was a relative novelty for Grand Rapids but a stock-in-trade for MPKT. "Election night was one of the most moving experiences I can remember," says Valley. "We're sitting in a dumpy office and we realize we won." The victory party took place in a small building that literally swayed from the uproar. Valley says he felt the earth move.

In 1976, a presidential year, the company took on the campaign of liberal standard-bearer Morris Udall. When MPKT entered the race Udall was spinning his wheels, while Jimmy Carter smiled, said America needed a government as good as its people and rose in the polls. The consultants managed to wrangle an endorsement for their man from Archibald Cox, famous Watergate martyr. Udall's standing in the polls shot up; he was finishing second to Carter in key primaries, good but not good enough. In Wisconsin, MPKT believed they could make a breakthrough. Thorne informed the campaign that through his fundraising effort \$350,000 would enrich the coffers. Ten days before the Wisconsin vote a quarter

of a million dollars of the expected money hadn't materialized; Udall panicked. Two days before the primary, Udall pulled all his television spots, as well as much newspaper advertising. He lost the primary to Carter by 1 percent. Shortly afterwards, the money made its appearance as predicted. Udall was a perfect MPKT candidate on the issues. He lacked, however, the will to power that the consultants themselves possess. While they were in overdrive, Udall was satisfied with second gear: big city speed stalled by desert lassitude.

WHAT NEXT?

Marttila and his colleagues are at a fork in the road. Things have changed in the American political scene since they brought their technical know-how to the aid of liberal Democratic candidates with considerable success in the early '70s. Now, the techniques are common and the candidates are not so often as ideologically exciting as before.

The firm can continue to work for candidates who meet their highest expectations, except that this client pool, while it still exists, may be shrinking.

There is another way to go, one that would be profitable although representing a change in direction. Rather than apply their techniques just to the election process, Marttila and friends could continue their survey work, image making and strategy development for officeholders, integrating the business of getting elected with the business of governing.

Because of the drift of contemporary politics, the permanent campaign will probably be run out of most governor's mansions sometime soon. For now the model is conducted from the White House, the biggest political prize of all.

Gerald Rafshoon, an Atlanta advertising man, and Pat Caddell, pollster of Cambridge Survey Research, designed Jimmy Carter's vacuous but victorious election campaign with its vague gestures and reassurances of personal concern. Now they are reunited on Pennsylvania Avenue, and together they have created the permanent campaign, where the method of running for office becomes the method of governing. The campaign never ends; it assumes office right along with the politician.

Since Rafshoon came to the White House last July and began poring over Caddell's polls and advising the president on a day-to-day basis, Carter's popularity has been restored. Carter has decided that governing means never stopping the campaign; he's always running, always assiduously positioning himself. Rafshoon has reduced consulting to the art of positioning. Marttila's innovations in organization and in consolidating techniques within a single firm transcended the old-fashioned J. Walter Thompson pitch, which was designed to sell soap as easily as candidates. Marttila, however, depends as much on finesse, political knowledge and the coherence of his efforts as on refined media technique. And all of it was in the service of electing liberal Democratic candidates to office who could then apply their principles to public policy questions and to governing. Now, Marttila's pioneering ideas have been absorbed into the mainstream of the business of politics by other bright people covering the entire ideological spectrum. And finally, in a frightening and ironic twist, Marttila's tactics are being absorbed into the business of governing itself.

Marttila never intended this. "There's so much mysticism about what we do," Marttila laments. "The trick is to get campaigns to execute. The elements of a political campaign are classic." He has an Aristotelian sensibility. John Marttila is a playwright of contemporary liberal campaigns. He understands their measured drama. It is almost a literary exercise. The play must appeal to a variety of audiences, make do with the props on hand and not force the protagonist to act out of character, for he would then be unbelievable. How to script this drama can be partly learned; but much of it depends upon native talent and instinct. Not all playwrights have the same sense of struc-

ture, plotting and characterization. It helps to see the craft as more than automatic writing.

With the reduction of many campaigns to media events consultants emerge as the only active political philosophers able to test their theories in practice. Almost everyone else is engaged in weaving ideas from a distance. Yet not all consultants recognize their status. Most think of themselves as businessmen conducting a lucrative trade; they sell know-how, not knowledge. They want to routinize politics, computerizing its nuances. Initially, consulting was a more scientific way of reaching constituencies. In the late '70s, however, constituencies became fragmented, alienated and disoriented. This is fertile territory for the new breed of consultants who dazzle their clients with *Star Wars* apparatus, elaborate technological software. The only thing most candidates want is to win, and the only thing most consultants want is a fee. As traditional constituencies disintegrate, the new consultants intensify their polling to certify momentary shifts of mood. Politicians respond to these freeze-frame opinions, the equivalent of a Polaroid one-step photograph; it isn't the whole picture. This attempt to dominate the process becomes the process itself. And firms like MKPT, which have a definite commitment to a certain brand of politics and are not trapped or entranced by technology, are forced to respond to the new circumstances. The ultra-pragmatic consultants who have only technique to dispense are the updated version of the 1968 Nixon campaign, without Nixon: the permanent campaign. Content is entirely conditional on what survey research says tomorrow. The consultants become captives of their tools; MPKT now represents tradition. The permanent campaign represents a corruption of their craft.

"Two or three years ago I thought consulting wasn't necessarily a growth industry," says Marttila. "Now it's going to explode because of public apathy. Constituencies per se have broken down. There is a distressing single issue trend. There are two forces at work. One, modern politicians have mastered contemporary communications and survey research technique. The worst will use this to play upon people's fears." This appears to be the easiest route for polls relying on survey research, a dismaying phenomenon borne out by this year's campaigns; the most successful were negative. Proposing positive programs goes against the grain of the new politics. With the permanent campaign installed at the top lesser polls adopt corollaries of the doctrine. The means do not replace the ends because the means are the ends.

"Two," continues Marttila, "there has been a change in society. There has been a disintegration of public purpose, which occurred in the '60s. There is no need for politicians to act like gentlemen on issues like civil rights anymore. Because of polling, politicians know with more certainty what they can and cannot say. Those who benefit most are those who are most negative. The country remains Democratic. But there's an ambivalence. I'm not, on the basis of one year, going to say the country has gone conservative. I'm not a Pollyanna either. It's a strange year. If this is what American politics is to be like—1978—see you later. I have no interest."

The elections this year did not fulfill the ominous prognostications of most pundits, who saw the country galloping to the right. The status quo prevailed; there was very little movement, certainly not a conservative landslide. Yet politicians are more adrift than ever, unwilling to moor themselves. They're mesmerized by the new consultants and confused by the break-up of traditional constituencies into single-issue grouplets. The right, however, hasn't really turned the situation to its advantage in the way suggested in numerous news analyses, which have the Heisenberg effect of artificially stimulating the phenomenon described. Marttila, Payne, Kiley, & Thorne, for their part, are insisting upon political definition. "I've learned so much in all these years," Marttila says. "We can survive in gruesome environments."

Hundred consultants swap slick slogans

The American Association of Political Consultants, organization of fund-raising, media, and general campaign consultants met for two days in Washington last month. The message was that a candidate has first to hire someone to raise money and then to hire someone who knows how to spend it.

For two days the 100 consultants—liberal and conservative alike—greeted old friends, compared techniques, and swapped stories. They dined on rubber chicken and drank \$2 shots of liquor. And, as at most conventions, people boasted of their accomplishments and showed off their wares.

At a nighttime "show and tell" in the ornate ballroom, the consultants displayed and explained a variety of gimmicks. Rightwing fund-raising consultant William Lacy of Bruce Eberle Associates passed around a massive book crammed with letters beseeching conservatives to contribute to Jeff Bell's New Jersey Senate race. The letters tried to look personal and one signed by Bell was chatty.

A Texas consultant told how he helped elect a Dallas family court judge named Linda Thomas. His campaign consisted of posters bearing only the word "Linda" in large script letters. ("When I saw that, I thought Linda who? Linda Lovelace?" one woman consultant grumbled.) Consultants took "Linda" placards home as souvenirs.

But the stars of the evening were the media advertising consultants who showed their commercials. Issues were rarely mentioned. Some were no more than placards designed to brand the candidate's name in the viewer's brain. Others lampooned the opposition.

Linda Ball, of the Republican National Committee, conceded Republican candidates in Michigan this year were

being hurt by the PBB scandal (in which a fire retardant was mistakenly fed to cattle). But the ads for Michigan Republicans didn't mention PBB. Instead, they featured films of animals in a zoo—a symbol for the Democratic controlled state legislature.

The real master of lampooning the opposition was San Francisco consultant Richard Woodward whose ads opposing a California referendum to limit smoking in public places were so remarkable that some of the conventioners watched them twice.

Woodward and his associates are the people who in 1976 brought California television viewers the Senator Flip Flop puppet that bore an uncanny resemblance to Sen. John Tunney. The puppet twisted back and forth, first voting for and then against a bill. Tunney was defeated by Woodward's client, S.I. Hayakawa.

And for Ron Paul's Congressional race in Texas, Woodward's firm filmed a chicken walking back and forth across the street. The chicken was supposed to represent Paul's opponent Bob Gammage who, like Tunney, apparently changed his mind on a number of major issues. At the ad's end, the chicken laid an egg.

Films of empty chairs and House cloakroom coat hangers blasted Tunney and Gammage for absenteeism. None of the ads mentioned what Hayakawa and Paul would do if they got to Congress.

The ads for 1978's biggest upset winner, Gordon Humphrey who beat Sen. Thomas McIntyre, summed up the tone of the campaign. At the end of each ad, Humphrey vowed, "I want to be the biggest skinflint in the U.S. Senate."

—Gail Robinson

LETTERS

VALIUMS VS. JOINTS

IN YOUR NOV. 29 ISSUE ROBERTA Lynch wrote of the problems facing youth today.

I resent the fact that she is given the space in your paper for a half-page moral statement and a gross generalization of an entire age group. I speak as a teenager that grew up on welfare, and I found her column to be nothing more than a paternalistic moan of liberalism.

Young people are an underclass in this system. We are seen as the property of our parents, and they are in total control of our lives until we turn 18. We were born into this mess called "society." We did not create it, yet we realize that it exists and that it is our responsibility to change it.

In order to understand why so many kids drop out of public schools, we must examine not only the social conditions of youth, but the schools themselves, and the low-level of education that they provide. Their main function is to regiment and dehumanize their pupils, and I believe it is the only thing that they ever accomplish. There are numerous high school graduates that can only read on a third-grade level.

Lynch writes with the condescending attitude of a social worker who could not possibly relate to what it's like to grow up on the streets. She stated that the real problem of youth was a "terrible feeling of emptiness." I, myself, interpret this emptiness to be chronic alienation, a disease which almost all people in the U.S. suffer from.

She should, perhaps, write about her own peers, who eat valiums at the same rate we smoke joints, and who watch at least six hours a day of television.

-Katy Marsh
San Diego

KUDOS ON MUSIC COVERAGE

ABRIEF THANK YOU FOR THE IN-depth music features in recent issues. Analyzing music in-depth helps in understanding the social role of music and is a useful supplement to the "short notices" on music.

The Bruce Dancis rock feature (ITT, Nov. 15) and the fine spread, "Some Women Like to Play Rock'n'Roll" (ITT, Dec. 6) are examples of what I hope will follow in the future.

The short review of folksinger Michael Glick's first album is also a positive example of a review of progressive music.

Please keep up the improvement in the music department.

-Melba Grace

IN DEFENSE OF SCIENTOLOGY

IN HIS ARTICLE ON THE PEOPLES Temple (ITT, Nov. 29), Larry Remer describes the use of beatings and fake poisonings. He then concludes: "It was a process not dissimilar from other cults like the Hare Krishna and the Scientologists wherein newly initiated members are slowly brainwashed into acceptance of the cult as a substitute for their family and obedience to its leader."

This reference to Scientology, inspired by "bourgeois media" garbage, is nothing short of irresponsible journalism. Indeed, it borders on libel and aids in the spread of government-supported lies about the Church of Scientology.

In claiming the Church of Scientology practices processes "not dissimilar from" leader-provoked beatings and faked poisonings, from where were his sources derived? From government inspired fabrications?

"Brainwash" is defined as "indoctrin-

ating someone until he is willing to give up his own basic convictions, and passively accept an opposing set of beliefs."

The government has fostered a false set of beliefs about Scientology. And you have accepted them. So who, I ask, is brainwashed?

Also, I'd take a look at who is susceptible to brainwashing. How many avowed "socialists" died for Jim Jones, and how many Scientologists, whether new recruits or old timers?

-Alfred Kurland
Astoria, N.Y.

A SERIOUS CRIME

AS I SIT IN CLASS (ECONOMICS) READING the article by Ronni Scheier (ITT, Dec. 6) on the trials and tribulations of Patricia Evans, I am moved so much that I have to write something about it.

I am familiar with what Patricia Evans has gone through. As a student of psychology I understand why it took Patricia so long to act in the manner in which she did. I am not saying she is wrong, or that any other woman who falls under similar circumstances is. Neither am I saying that wives should all go out and kill their husbands.

Society was built by egotistical male chauvinistical drives. It made no provisions for women or minority groups in their constitution. Before everyone can understand that wife and child beating is not a "domestic disturbance but a serious crime," the constitution of the U.S. has to be amended.

There is something wrong with individuals who beat their wives and children. Those individuals were probably beaten when they were young. And as they grew older their hatred was projected on the ones they loved. As the old cliché goes, "You only hurt the ones you love."

Patricia Evans was preventing a crime. Society honors cops for preventing crimes, they should honor Patricia Evans instead of locking her up.

-Edwin Pagan
Auburn, N.Y.

TERRIFIC

THANK YOU FOR THE WONDERFUL analysis by David Moberg on Jones-town and the even finer editorial "The Perversion of Our Virtues" (ITT, Dec. 13). You are doing a terrific job.

-Jack Kirby
Granville, Ohio

STOP HARPING ON MILITANCY

DUNCAN HARP'S ARTICLES ON THE Clamshell Alliance present a vocal minority view. That view deserves to be heard and debated, but should not pass for news.

Duncan represents the view that more militant physical action at the site, i.e., tearing down the gate, as opposed to sitting in front of it somehow will make a positive difference in the effect the anti-nuke movement has on the world. Maybe it will and maybe it won't. But either way it would be more helpful to IN THESE TIMES readers if someone outside the Clam reported on the Clam.

-Peter Kellman, Sharon Tracy,
Kristle Conrad
Portsmouth, N.H.

PERVASIVE MEDIOCRITY

LIKE JOHN JUDIS, I LEFT MEMPHIS with the impression that the Democratic leadership now subscribes to the

basic Republican tenet that everything in the U.S. is, or should be, a business.

I was overwhelmed by the total lack of imagination and pervasive mediocrity in our party.

-Paul Tarsus
Washington, D.C.

HOSTILE PHOTOS

YOUR CONTINUED USE OF HOSTILE photographs of the leaders of Israel represents a considerable weakness of ITT. The latest such photograph was on page 10 of your Dec. 13 issue accompanying an article on Israel.

I believe your writing on the important Arab-Israeli conflict would be improved if it included reporting on the following two subjects: 1) The fact that the PLO and Syria, in addition to other Arab countries and organizations, to this date, are openly committed to the destruction of the present Israeli government. At least five wars during the last 30 years have been fought over substantially this issue. The requirements, therefore, of security by Israel should be analyzed. 2) The Nazi holocaust against the Jews, with six million victims, capped the long history of Jewish persecution and clarified, in blood, the need for an Israeli state. The lessons of this holocaust and anti-Semitism through the centuries is also necessary to understand the Arab-Israeli conflict.

With more consideration of these two issues, IN THESE TIMES will probably remedy its present shallowness and one-sidedness in reportage of Mideastern events.

-Lee Marsh
Berkeley, Calif.

A PLACE TO MEET OLD FRIENDS

WHAT A DELIGHT TO OPEN THE Dec. 13 ITT and find a picture of my old friend Claude Bourdet. I've known Claude over the years as part of the very small but independent international movement for peace and social justice (loosely grouped into the International Confederation for Disarmament and Peace) which has held together groups ranging from the American War Resisters League to the "Greek Communist Party of the Interior"—and, of course, Claude's own grouping in France.

So, it was good to see a picture of an old friend—but more important, it was awfully good to know that Bourdet's politics can reach an American audience through ITT.

-David McReynolds
War Resisters League
New York

A SOCIALIST FOR PRESIDENT?

WE WILL ALL STILL BE "WAITING for lefty" (ITT, Nov. 22) till hell freezes over unless a political organization is formed to take advantage of the opportunities that present themselves. The 1980 general election is a must. The shrinking electorate is the clear indication of disaffection on a massive scale, a disaffection that manifests itself in the fact that voters and non-voters alike agree that the politicians pay little attention to them and that a great deal of attention is given to large interests. Citizens drop out because they have nothing to vote for, and the dropping out is heaviest among those groups described as "traditional" Democrats. But in order to get citizens to vote for a socialist alternative, that alternative must be seen as one that is desired and wanted and worth fighting for.

A good start would be to think of a political program that will meet human needs and provide justice, giving up on historic dogma and political panaceas, i.e., public ownership, which may not work or cannot work. Rethinking may even lead to giving up the precious name of "socialist" itself. We look around us,

and I for one am impressed by the fact that the concepts of capitalist and socialist no longer describe any existing industrial society, and one has to wonder whether contemporary socialists, democratic too, aren't plagued by the dead weight of past categories and modes of thinking so brilliantly detailed by Marx in the 18th Brumaire.

In order to get a democratic socialist alternative on the agenda (or whatever it might be called) I would suggest that socialists actively campaign for the presidential nomination in the Democratic primary in 1980, as well as for Congressional and state offices. The Democratic voters, so-called "traditional," are the constituency of such an alternative, and, unfortunately, the presidential race has the kind of attention-getting aura necessary to catch the eye of that constituency.

-Jerry Calvert
Bozeman, Montana

MORE FOR THE RECORD

DUE TO SPACE CONSIDERATIONS, A number of additional titles of Soviet anti-Semitic writings were edited out of my article (ITT, Dec. 20). Of these, two should be mentioned for their particularly incredulous claims. The book *Zionism and Apartheid* (1975) by V. Skurlatov, who declares that Judaism is responsible for the creation of capitalism, colonialism, imperialism, and South African apartheid. (This book was critically reviewed three years later for its non-Marxist interpretation of the origins of class society, but not for its blatant anti-Semitism). The article in *Ogonok* (1974) by Dimitri Zhukov, who characterizes the czarist pogroms against the ghetto-shtetls of old Russia not as racist attacks upon the Jewish people, but as an acceptable "form of class struggle against rich Jews."

In the editing of my article, the word *rightly* was dropped from the closing sentence. It should read: "These questions are no more purely the 'internal affairs' of the Soviet Union than is racism in the U.S., which the Soviet authorities rightly do not hesitate to criticize."

-Peggy Dennis
Oakland, Calif.

A JOY

PLEASE ACCEPT THIS SMALL DONATION for what I consider to be one of the best publications available today. Your comprehensive and thoroughly professional modes of news-gathering, interpretation and presentation makes the weekly receipt of IN THESE TIMES a joy in an otherwise largely unjoyous world.

-William Grobe
San Diego, Calif.

ANTI-TERRORISTS UNITE

WE HOPE YOUR READERS KNOW that the Mayor and Village Board of Rosemont, Ill., have joined the opposition to the Defense Technology '79 Arms Bazaar, scheduled for Feb. 18-21, 1979, at O'Hare International Exposition Center.

We also hope your readers will come to the planned demonstration on Feb. 18, if the private corporations go ahead with the Bazaar. Some biggies, like General Electric, Rockwell, Motorola, and Zenith, have backed out. But there are still 70 corporations from Western Europe and the U.S. committed to coming and selling their wares.

The Pastor of Our Lady of Hope Church in Rosemont told the *Des Plaines Journal*: "It's as if all the terrorists in the world were invited to do their Christmas shopping in Rosemont."

-Father Bill Herlihy
Mobilization for Survival
Chicago, Ill.

Pension fund socialism revolutionized

THE NORTH WILL RISE AGAIN:
Pensions, Politics and Power in
the 1980s

by Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber
Beacon Press, \$4.95.

In 1959 the Twentieth Century Fund published a book entitled *Pension Funds and Economic Power*. The author, a Jesuit priest and attorney, Paul Harbrecht, feared that the billions of dollars in pension funds controlled by bank trust departments were being used to accelerate the trend toward concentration of power in the hands of a few giant corporations. Nine years later, Rep. Wright Patman's House Banking Committee expressed similar concern.

These warnings were largely ignored, however, because controversy over pensions in the 1960s was focused primarily on who is eligible under private plans, and do they receive their lawful due. A decade of debate on benefit reform, the necessity of which is well documented in Ralph Nader and Kate Blackwell's *You and Your Pension* (1973), culminated in 1974 with the passage of the federal Employee Retirement Income Security Act (ERISA).

ERISA mandated greater solvency and increased funding for private pension plans, reinforcing the growth of this new financial sector of the economy. Today the total of all private and public employee retirement funds is over \$500 billion, with billions being added every year. Pension funds now have more assets than all of the savings and loans and mutual savings banks in this country (though not more than commercial banks), and also more than all the life insurance companies, traditionally very important sources of long-term capital.

Business socialism.

Most of the half-trillion dollars in pension funds are invested in the stocks and bonds of America's largest multinational corporations. The reason for this was explained by Father Harbrecht 20 years ago:

"In general, financial control has been delegated...to the banker-trustees, which exercise considerable power in the capital markets as a result."

With the passage of ERISA, conservative corporate cheerleader Peter Drucker moved to head off criticism of the phenomena that Harbrecht, Patman and others were complaining about. In an article in *The Public Interest* called "Pension Fund Socialism," Drucker pointed out that employee pension funds owned a huge chunk of the equity capital of American corporations. He predicted this would grow to more than 50 percent by the mid-1980s. In Drucker's mind this made "the U.S. the most 'socialist' country in the world." Now that the workers "owned" industry, he gleefully asserted, they would willingly submit to productivity measures

and lower wage increases in order to insure the security of their pension benefits.

The problem with Drucker's often inaccurate analysis is that ownership normally entails control. But he argues that workers have neither the right nor the ability to control American business, that they should just toil quietly and clip their coupons.

Even if workers did want to control their collectively-owned corporate equity, however, they face a prior obstacle—in most cases they do not even control their pension funds. With few exceptions, the situation remains unchanged from Har-

whereby large amounts of union pension dollars have been invested by fund managers in non-union or anti-union corporations. International Association of Machinists' president William Winpisinger has vowed that such use of IAM funds will stop.

In a similar vein, the AFL-CIO passed a resolution last spring urging member unions to devote at least 10 percent of their pension portfolios to residential mortgage loans in order to increase the supply of affordable housing for moderate income people and stimulate employment in the construction trades. The

tals, and police stations. Panic could spread into the streets and touch off open rebellion.

"An emergency energy crisis could have the same effect.... Without sufficient oil reserves the nation would have to rely on its immediate supplies of natural gas. However, a Sunbelt-dominated Congress might be unwilling to supply the northern cities with adequate supplies of natural gas, forcing them to survive the winter without enough energy to operate their homes, plants, offices and schools."

Such political demagoguery is more characteristic of Daniel Patrick Moynihan than of the Peoples Business Commission. The entire "Graybelt vs. Sunbelt" approach that Rifkin and Barber so willingly adopt plays right into the hands of conservative divide-and-rule advocates. It represents an abdication of progressive political change in the U.S., not a strategy for its fulfillment. Nothing could please the corporate elite in this country more than to see workers locked in ferocious combat with one another based on geographic loyalty.

Same corporations everywhere.

Rifkin and Barber's enthusiastic endorsement of what *Business Week* calls the "New War Between the States" is all the more puzzling because at one point in the book they acknowledge the essential flaws in their regional conflict strategy:

"Economic power has not shifted at all. It still resides in the same private sector. The fact that the business community has begun to shift its base of operations to the Sunbelt (and abroad) has, of course, meant greater economic benefits for these regions. But economic power itself, that is, control over economic planning and capital allocation decisions, is still firmly embedded within the private capital sector."

The capitalists that are bleeding the "Graybelt" dry are building nuclear power plants in Colorado, supporting right-to-work laws in Arizona, and killing workers through coal mine shaft explosions in Kentucky, exposure to Kepone in Virginia, and cotton dust in North Carolina. But J.P. Stevens and Duke Power, as well as many other "Southern" companies, are headquartered in New York or Boston.

Rifkin and Barber state that "the South is booming economically" and then bemoan the large amount of federal defense expenditures going to a region "that's much better off" than the Northeast. Yet the South today still has the *lowest* per capita income of any region. The fact that "economic benefits" are being conferred on the Sunbelt does not mean that these benefits are evenly distributed. Many of the areas within the Sunbelt are in a severe state of decline, with high unemployment, low incomes, and a great deal of poverty and despair.

Of the new jobs arriving from the North many are in extremely low wage industries that exploit an unorganized, high-turnover work force. The Farah and United Farmworker's Union strikes were largely "Sunbelt" affairs. Rifkin and Barber's apocalyptic scenario of fiscally desperate northern cities slashing welfare spending and public services is already an everyday reality to poor people in Nevada or South Carolina.

Fundamentally, the question posed by the "pension power" issue is this: who should control the capital resources of our society? The Graybelt-Sunbelt controversy obscures this. The problem we face in every region is lack of control over investment—and this is true whether a steel mill is leaving Youngstown or an LNG terminal is arriving in Long Beach.

—Marc Weiss

Marc Weiss is Regent's Fellow in City and Regional Planning, University of California, Berkeley. He is co-author of a recent Ford Foundation study on pension fund investment policies.

Rifkin and Barber see the unions' interest in pension fund investments as the first stirrings of a battle for the control over social capital.

brecht's description: "The employee himself, without his union, has little or nothing to say about the pension plan, which, ultimately, is financed out of his earnings."

"...Without his union." The idea implicit in this phrase lay dormant until resuscitated by Jeremy Rifkin and Randy Barber of the Peoples Business Commission, and by union and community activists like Ray Rogers, Ed Kirschner and John Harrington.

Union coalition.

Some unions do control their pension funds directly, but the vast majority are legally controlled by corporations or, for public employees, by various government bodies.

Regardless of the legal structure, two things are true: 1) control over investment decisions has generally been turned over by corporations, government and unions to bank trust departments and portfolio managers who recycle the money back into the coffers of corporate America; 2) money in pension fund accounts is the deferred wages of workers, who have a right to assert control over its management.

Partly through the impetus provided by Rifkin and Barber, many unions are now taking a more active interest in the investment issue. The greatest success to date is that of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers, who organized a coalition of unions to threaten withdrawal of more than \$1 billion in pension trust funds, checking and savings accounts from Manufacturer's Hanover Trust unless James Finley, chairman of J.P. Stevens, resigned from "Manny Hanny's" Board of Directors. Manny Hanny, the nation's fourth largest bank, felt the union heat very quickly, and Finley was ousted.

The Amalgamated campaign represents a reversal of the longstanding pattern

United Steelworkers at their fall convention discussed ways to assert control over the \$10 billion in steel industry pension fund investments in order to prevent the steel companies from closing plants in the unionized northern states and moving to non-union plants in the South or overseas. "Our own money is being used to put our own people in unemployment lines," said Steelworkers' president Lloyd McBride. "We can no longer tolerate the situation of using worker-produced capital against ourselves."

On another front, many community groups and some public employee unions or caucuses are urging state and local government officials to use public pension funds to provide capital for local housing construction and economic development instead of underwriting the Fortune 500's expansion into South Africa. The American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) gave \$180,000 to a research group in Wisconsin to find safe, profitable, job-generating investments for the state's public pension funds and other trust accounts.

Northern paranoia.

Rifkin and Barber see the growing interest in pension investments by unions and community groups as the first stirrings in a "battle for control over social capital." "With the emergence of pension-fund capital, millions of American workers now have the power, through their unions and state and local governments, to claim control over their own economic destiny."

Judging from the comments generated by *The North Will Rise Again* in business periodicals, corporate leaders seem to have drawn sharp battle lines on the pension issue. *Business Week* quotes an oil industry executive as saying that union assertion of pension power "simply is not going to happen. If it does happen, it will be after a holocaust that will make the 1930s look like an ice cream parlor."

Unfortunately, Rifkin and Barber seem to have drawn the battle lines in far broader terms. *The North Will Rise Again* includes among the enemies of "pension power" not only the large corporations and their attorneys and political allies, but the majority of the entire American population south of the Mason-Dixon Line and west of the Mississippi River. The following quotation illustrates their regional paranoia:

"For example, a new economic downturn of serious proportions nationally could, conceivably, wreak havoc on city governments throughout the North. Scores of major northern municipalities could default on their obligations, forcing a situation comparable to the one that befell New York City in 1975. A federal government controlled by the Sunbelt states might not be willing to shell out tens of billions of dollars to keep these local governments afloat. The cities would then be forced to slash public services, close down schools, fire departments, hospi-

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CLANCY SIGAL

Present-day socialists exchange skepticism for the moon's dark side

WHEN PEOPLE LOSE THEIR faith in the value of collective action they sometimes huddle in collectives. My feeling of pity for the Jonestown dead is overshadowed by relief that I wasn't there with them. Whether Jonestown was a "left wing" or "right wing" aberration I don't know. All I am sure of is that I had a similar, if smaller, experience a few years ago, and thank God I proved a coward enough to run away.

It happened in the mid-'60s. The New Left in Britain had quietly fallen apart in the aftermath of the Cuba missile crisis. The eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation had scared us out into those dear old familiar streets, Kensington and Grosvenor Square. But, for the first time, we couldn't decide which embassy to storm, the Russian or the American. It was bloody ridiculous. We straggled home, hopeless, impotent.

Worse, some of us even felt ashamed for having dared in the first place.

It's hard now to say exactly when after that I "passed over" from political rationality to cult politics. Deep, disguised depression was the essence of the move toward an ever-receding Light held out by a charismatic succession of hucksters dressed as monks, lay brothers, psychiatrists, professional mad-men (and women) and Hampstead Zippies.

Corruption, stench, decay, disintegra-



tion: suddenly it was all too much to bear. I felt—and was made to feel—stupid for having put up with it so long. Release me from this cage of evil, my prompted soul demanded.

Into this vacuum of socially-conditioned, self-imposed stupefaction a guru decended to light my way towards a better, more lenient Way. Mind, he said, had nothing to do with it. (Capital letters paved my way to perdition.) No-Thing-Ness was the spiritually superior person's best defense against bitter, pointless—and oh yes capitalist—reality.

I am sure Jim Jones adjusted a version of this pitch to his flock. It is as old as snake oil itself.

The heartbeat of religion has always lain just under the skin of socialism. But there is a difference. Religion is an attempt to neutralize one's powerlessness, to control an obscure and violent fate, by invoking the demons and seraphim of an-

other world. Socialism is also an attempt to modify human existence into a more manageable, equitable form. (Humility before God, hence a large degree of equal justice, is an assumption, shared at least tokenly, by both socialism and most religious creeds.)

Where socialism is, or should be, different is that it is stubbornly rational and skeptical. At the core of American socialism, in particular, is a marvelously exuberant "Aw shit!" response to mumbo jumbo. Can you imagine what Ingersoll, Erskine Scott Wood, Clarence Darrow, I.F. Stone, Lenny Bruce or Studs Terkel would have made of the Peoples Temple? Or, though he was nominally anti-socialist, H.L. Mencken?

But now people who call themselves socialists have appropriated the dark side of the moon. Perhaps it is disingenuous to say "now." Mencken and a whole line of crackerbarrel doubters would undoubtedly have protested that there has never been a big distinction between holy rollerism and certain types of red-hot socialism, that it's all pabulum for the booboisie.

On evidence of Jonestown—which partly for good reasons left-wingers supported—we will have to be a little thoughtful in our reply. We all know that within the present broad movement, which in some ways has been intellectually paralyzed since the Joe McCarthy days, there exists a dull red thread of paranoia binding together such disparate groups as the Peoples Temple, Black Panthers, U.S. Labor Party, Revolutionary Communist Party and other Moonie-style cadres into a "socialism" so creepy crawlly I'd rather be a Republican.

Sober socialists have a special obligation after Jonestown to retrain their built-in bullshit detectors.

Living with uncertainty is the socialist condition. Certainty exists only in the graveyards of Guyana...in Herr Erhard's seminars...in the sectarian's tortured nostalgia for "scientific" Leninism. And perhaps even in the semi-socialist urban communes that seek shelter against the storms of anomie (and high rents) by living not out there, among "the people," but among ourselves, the fortunate few.

er we use a medical or moral model, gentrification is a cause of human misery.

Buy some rental property in the inner city, evict low and moderate income tenants, displace the poor from the neighborhood, rehabilitate the external features of the buildings, raise the rents at least 50 percent, recruit only white, upper-middle class, young professionals for tenants, use your exorbitant profits to acquire and rehabilitate more and more buildings, and then you qualify as a real estate speculator cashing in on gentrification. You are now lord of the manor, owner of a personal feudal estate complete with obedient serfs.

The key to this private enterprise shell game is that tenants buy the buildings for the absentee landlord. Let's speculate on the 3rd Avenue speculation. The purchase arrangement includes picking up a contract for deed of roughly \$150,000. There was also a cash payment of \$15,000. According to his agent, the new owner plans \$80,000 worth of rehabilitation. The monthly payment for the contract and property taxes is about \$1,500. Add to this about \$1,000 each for rehabilitation and operating expense, and you have expenditures of \$3,500 per month.

There are 19 units in the building. A conservative estimate of the new rents would be \$250. Minus one unit for a caretaker, leaves an income of \$4,500. So, not only will the tenants pay the new landlord to own their homes, but they are giving \$1,000 a month of charity for the owner to acquire and rehabilitate more buildings. What sort of future might this gentleman have if he is successful at medieval monopoly?

Well, let me give you an example. With the purchase of two brownstones in the Stevens Court neighborhood, a former North High teacher, Jim Larson, began his entrepreneurship. More recently, the search for profits attracted General Mills to the project. After a corporate investment of \$6 million, a front corporation for Jim Larson and General Mills, Stevens Court, Inc., now owns 22 buildings with 735 units, one-third of the neighborhood. Tenants of Stevens Court, Inc., now contribute 34.5 percent of each rent check to General Mills for acquisition

Uncertainty, doubt, uncomfortable emotions are a socialist's most prized possessions. Having to choose between unappealing options is our richest heritage. What keeps us going as socialists is not all that different from what keeps anyone else going—except for the *chutzpa* of our analysis, our cool, sometimes humorous, sometimes tragic assessment of the American battleground.

Jonestown teaches another lesson. It is that no one has yet come up with a solution to our ancient dilemma, of how you organize people to act in their own interests without also manipulating them, without denying them what is promised with our vision of a truly democratic, participatory, non-elite society. The "We-Them" syndrome, even more than demoralizing lack of successes, is the acid that eats the soul of left organizers.

The Know-Nothing movements presently attacking the rights of gays, women, blacks and unions have their counterparts among us. (Which is *not* the same thing as Norman Podhoretz's wild assertion that mass suicide is the inevitable result of '60s protest.) Synanon, est, Eckenkar, Arica, Rolfing, the Maharishi—the list of humanitarian con games seems as endless as the current aching hunger for "community," for personal integration. Jim Jones appealed mainly (though not exclusively) to the poor and oppressed. But most "human potential" movements nowadays hook the middle class.

It seems only yesterday we feared that fascism's "mass base" would be all those despairing gullibles of the economically deprived and *lumpen* classes. Today it can be your best friend: a feminist or community organizer, recently readjusted by est (the left, or ex-left, has an affinity for Erhard); or your neighbor in Skokie with her Gucci boots and fondness for PBS-TV; or zonked out days-of-ragers mourning themselves as casualties of something they can never quite define.

Socialists have no business seeking certainty. The mass grave of Jonestown lies at the end of that rainbow.

Clancy Sigal lives in England. He is the author of *Going Away*, *A Weekend in Dinlock* and *Zone of the Interior*.

MONTE BUTE

General Mills serves soggy dreerios to Minneapolis tenants

AT 9:30 ON A FRIDAY NIGHT, I AM SITTING ALONE IN A MINNEAPOLIS cafe. A small volume with the clumsy title *Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery* is propped up before me. Another morbid personality, you say, sadly lacking a social life. ¶No, tonight there is a different reason for my state: all week I have been confronting a particular cause of human misery: *Gentrification*—a form of predatory greed disguised as neighborhood improvement and city economic development. ¶A plague of avarice has spread to inner city neighborhoods. Under the guise of benevolent despotism, General Mills—"Greedies, the Breakfast of Champions"—already has infected one-third of the Stevens Court neighborhood of Minneapolis with the disease of absentee landlordism.

The tenants at 1912-1920 3rd Ave. S., all poor and most of them American Indians, inoculated themselves with the only social medicine effective against gentrification—they organized themselves into the LeRoy Ryan Tenants Alliance. In the best American tradition of populist democracy they fought corporations, racist landlords, housing inspection bureaucrats, aldermen, thugs and the affluent "trendies" in the neighborhood.

After winning numerous battles it appeared that the tenants were about to win the war. Plans were in the works to co-ops the buildings, so that, for once, the poor could cooperatively own and collectively manage their own homes. But defeat was snatched from the jaws of victory when a purchase agreement was signed for the building at 1920 on the condition that all the tenants be evicted.

I sit here reflecting on human misery because...well, let me count the ways: because Byard Headshot is blind, has a fixed income and wants to stay in his home; because Marge Lanhart has had two heart attacks at age 24, has limited resources and wants to stay in her home; because Christine Moose is a grandmother, is going blind and wants to stay in her home; because Nathan King Sr. is from Nett Lake Reservation, seeks a college education and wants to stay in his home; because Nathan King Jr. is recovering from a fractured skull, at age two needs an operation to repair a cleft palate and wants to stay in his home; because there are 30 other human beings here with stories just as compelling. They want to stay in their homes.

Gentrification, the epitome of sociological jargon, is actually a most concrete social crime. This form of medieval monopoly is one of the seven deadly sins in pursuit of one of the four human necessities. Whether

and rehabilitation of more and more buildings—a coerced charity for one of the world's wealthiest corporations.

The future of unionizing tenants to secure their rights will be a head-on collision with giant Twin City corporations. General Mills, the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune*, Control Data, Honeywell and Dayton-Hudson are some of the corporate octopuses extending their tentacles into inner city neighborhoods.

The subtitle of the book before me generates courage on this cold, dark Minneapolis night: *And Upon Certain Proposals to Eliminate Them*. Whether we call it economic democracy, social justice, a cooperative commonwealth or the Social Gospel, many of us are beginning to understand the solution to a major cause of human misery.

Monte Bute is active with the Farmer-Labor Association and works as an organizer with the Minnesota Tenants Union.

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—Lenin

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Islamic opposition

Continued from page 9.

Western-educated elite, and supported the liberal constitution of 1906.

New interpretations.

More recently—actually within the last 20 years—there has been great interest in creative, new, radical interpretations of Shia among politicized Iranians, including students, professionals, religious leaders, and even the bazaar merchants.

The most influential theoretician of this cultural movement is Ali Shariati, who began teaching and writing about his revolutionary interpretation of Shiism in 1964. He died in London in 1977, apparently of a heart attack, though many suspect that SAVAK was involved in his death.

Shariati interpreted Shiism as an ideology of the oppressed and presented early leaders of Shia as revolutionary heroes and martyrs. His teachings called for the faithful to understand Islam as a doctrine requiring elementary social justice and equality.

In addition, Islam performs a special role in Iran because it alone provides a communications network of leaders recognized and accepted by the masses of people. It is especially capable of doing this because Islam has no real religious hierarchy. The mullahs are educated in Islam but they receive no formal ordination or appointments to positions; instead they are invited to preach by a community that pays the mullah its religious dues.

Similarly, the ayatollahs are religious scholars and teachers to whom students come. Thus, there is a clergy responsive to the people. In this situation, where the government has prevented the development of a free press and prohibits free

expression of opinion, the mullahs alone have been able to distribute information and to offer dissenting interpretations of events and criticism of the policies of the regime.

Khomeini, the leader.

This radical theological background explains why so many Iranians have turned to Shiite Islam as a source of authority and unity in the current struggle. It is especially significant that the most important leader at present is Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who has been a symbol of uncompromising opposition to the Shah since being exiled in 1963.

None of the extensive interviews of Khomeini printed outside the U.S. lend credence to the idea that he is intent on returning to some feudal, clergy-dominated past, or even to the situation before the Shah's "White Revolution" of 1962-63. Instead he presents Shiite Islam as a positive alternative to a regime seen as foreign dominated, as a national culture with an empty and corrupting western materialism that has failed to improve the well-being of most of the population, as economically corrupt, as exploiting the country's people and natural wealth, as usurping power to itself illegitimately with foreign support, as repressive, as undemocratic, and as fundamentally unjust.

Thus far Khomeini's leadership has gone unchallenged. The liberal leaders of the National Front seem to have recognized that they cannot join a coalition government under the Shah against the wishes of the clergy. Most of them are now quite old, and since the fall of Mossadegh, they have been denied any opportunity to build a political following. Kar-

im Sanjabi, the leader of the National Front, visited Khomeini in September and pledged his complete support. Khomeini's followers and National Front representatives have since emphasized their close personal ties and their complete political accord.

It remains to be seen, of course, how firm the unity of the opposition forces will be. It is impossible to envisage any popularly based government coming to power that would not reflect the strength of the religious opposition. This is not,

however, a prescription for social catastrophe in Iran—it need not result in a return to the middle ages or a breakdown of authority leading eventually to a "communist takeover" or a "Quaddafi-style" dictatorship. The religious opposition to the Shah is based on what seems to be a genuine commitment to independence, social justice and constitutionalism that bodes well for the Iranian peoples' ability to build their own political system without the impositions of an American-made king.

—Stephen Daggett

Solar dreamboat

Continued from page 24.

ly not a committed left paper." What sort of heat has come down?

Very little. "There was heat when we attacked [the sensationalism of] the *New York Post*, but never, I must say, directly from Rupert Murdoch." Murdoch is the Australian press baron who owns the *Voice*, the *Post*, *New York* magazine, and *New West*.

The *Voice* is a sympathetic house to muckrakers. "Few papers are loose enough, few have editors who at least do not censor us. You have to hand it to the *Voice* in that sense."

Anti-liberals.

Cockburn feels that the difference in the way that a liberal would write his Press Clips column comes out very clearly. "We had to be the first major paper to attack the Carter administration." Liberals seem to be a source of continual amazement and disgust to Cockburn. It is as if you opened your cupboard for a midnight snack and there, night after night, instead of a stream of simple filthy cockroaches, which would be bad enough, there was a pack of slick albino ones, truly strange if you bothered to look close, but always there, until they became, despite your

better judgment, a natural part of the house.

"Just the other day," remembers Cockburn, "I met with Anthony Lewis, who I suppose is the archtypical liberal columnist in America today, and I said, 'Hey, Tony, what do you think of this fucking Congress passing the natural gas bill?' And he said, 'I must say I differ from you, Alex.'"—here Cockburn swivels in the chair and does a sort of Howdy Doody shoulder dipping imitation of the august *Times* columnist—"I believe there *should* be higher energy prices."

"Liberals!" says Cockburn, "they'll believe anything! Now they're defending the Shah. Their infinite incredulity fuels my column. They have an infinite desire to believe the best. They're all Dr. Panglosses. Liberals call Carter 'the newly decisive Carter' when he's just presided over the biggest sellout to the oil companies in living memory. Or take Camp David and the position adopted by Izzy Stone in the *New York Review of Books* or by Lewis and other liberal journalists. To them it's just all OK, it's all going to work out—never mind the Palestinians. It's the infinite pursuit of the better," he finishes with a wave of his hand. "Illusions."



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LIFE IN THE U.S.

SPORTS

A pro basketball league for women debuts in Chicago

By Vicky O'Hara

AT AGE 29, KAREN LOGAN IS probably the best, and the most well known, female basketball player in the country. She also is a major character in a sports story that could have more than a dribbling impact on little girls who think Kareem Abdul-Jabbar is the stuff dreams are made of. It's called the Women's Professional Basketball League (WBL)—latest proof that women can bounce something besides babies and get paid for it.

There is a momentary lull in the beat of balls and feet on the hardwood floor as the coach confers with Logan, his assistant coach and player. They huddle over her injured foot, then he nods and she leaves the court.

She doesn't look 5'9", limping toward the sidelines; her slenderness seems to detract inches. There is no excess on the 130-pound frame, only long, well-defined muscles that probably stretch like steel rubber bands.

Logan pushes the damp curls off her forehead and cases onto the bench for some conversation and ice. The conversation is about basketball and the WBL. The ice is for her fractured foot. She had broken a small bone a few weeks before.

"I don't know why I continued to do it," she says, reflecting on all the years she's spent under the boards. "There was no good reason. I kept saying, 'Maybe someday it will go pro,' but I didn't know that. I'm just lucky that it did, before I got too old."

She is referring to the WBL, started this summer by William (Bill) Byrne, formerly director of player personnel for the now defunct Chicago Fire of the World Football League. From the league office in Columbus, Ohio, Byrne presides over eight teams. In the Eastern Division—the New York Stars, New Jersey Gems, Dayton Rockettes and Houston Angels. In the Western Division—the Chicago Hustle, Minnesota Fillies, Milwaukee Does and Iowa Cornets. The league plays a 34-game regular season schedule, with play-offs slated for April.

As she talks, Logan watches her team, the Chicago Hustle, prepare for its (Dec. 9) opener against the Milwaukee Does. It's also the league opener. Everyone from network television to community newspapers wants a comment from the woman who never played basketball in high school or college, but who beat NBA star Jerry West in a shooting contest on CBS-TV's "Battle of the Sexes" in 1975.

Logan, a Santa Ana, Calif., native, has been dribbling a basketball for 19 of her 29 years. She started at age eight, playing boys on neighborhood playgrounds, then graduated to games with men in gymnasiums all over the country.

Upon graduation from Pepperdine (Calif.) College as a 400-meter runner, junior tennis champion and all-around basketball player, Logan dyed her hair red and joined the All-American Redheads, a women's exhibition team similar to the Harlem Globetrotters. She likens the experience to a traveling circus, playing a grueling circuit of one-night stands, always against male teams, and always for less than subsistence wages.

The Redheads' dribbling expert, she led the offense three consecutive years,

scoring an average of 22 points per game. Last season, she was assistant and junior varsity coach for women's teams at Utah State. Logan has probably spent more hours on a basketball court than any woman in the country (and most men), so when she talks basketball, people listen.

Big changes.

There have been spectacular changes in women's basketball. During the 1940s, during the war years, she explains, industries organized basketball leagues for the women who had replaced men in the factories. It was almost at a semi-pro level, but the female players were practically social outcasts. And, of course, when the men returned and the women were no longer needed to further the war effort, the leagues died out.

In the late '60s or early '70s, the feminist movement, combined with a national obsession with exercise and federal legislation, gave new life to women's sports at the collegiate level. A big factor was Title IX, which mandates equal athletic facilities and programs in the nation's schools.

Many people think of women's basketball as a second class game because for so many years women played what was basically a half court game. Offensive players were required to remain on the offensive court, and defensive players on the other side of the half-court line. Each team had two roving players, but no one was allowed to dribble the ball more than three times. The result was a lot of quick passing and more emphasis on offense. Those rules were phased out in the late '60s, with the exception of a few states like Iowa, where the game enjoys a rabid following.

Logan says the women's rules sprang from the notion "women weren't strong enough to compete the full length of the floor. They physically were disadvantaged and had to have a special game."

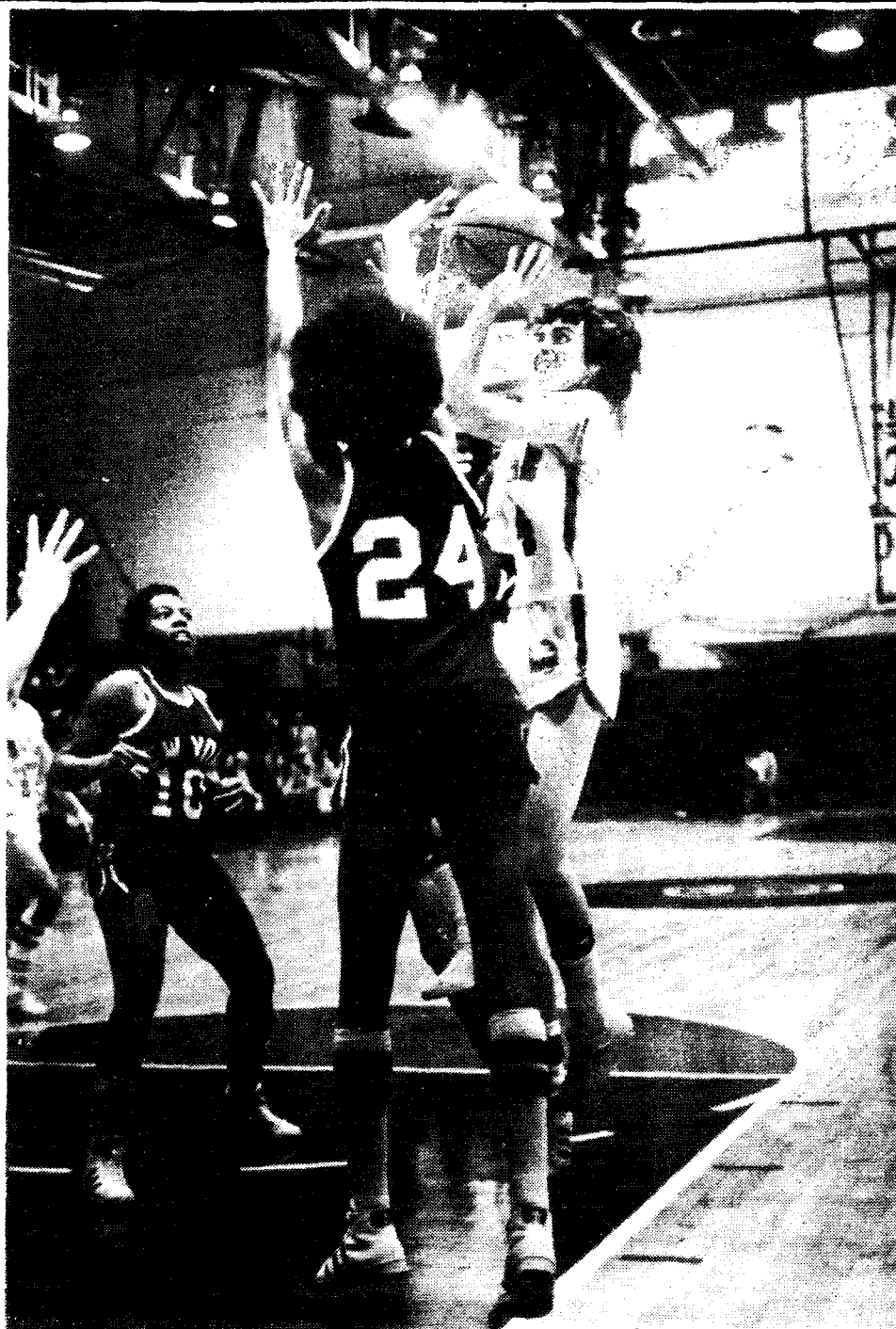
Speed and grace.

She complains that things then went from one extreme to the other, from treating women as if they were disabled to treating them like linebackers on a football team. As women's sports started to take off, "we had no one to copy," Logan comments, "so we copied the male game." And in so doing, the women's game lost the very qualities that made it so appealing. Speed, grace and skill were sacrificed for brute strength, superior body size and masculine mannerisms.

"We copied a lot of the right things," Logan says, "but we also copied a lot of the wrong things."

Logan hardly plays a dainty game herself. The years of playing with and against men are evident in her scrappy, kill-for-the-ball style. But her lean, lean body seems to vibrate on the court, responding to every step of the play with a lightning speed and grace that personifies what she feels the women's game should be.

She is concerned that WBL has paid too little attention to creating good women's basketball, that it will offer the public the same game as the NBA, only with women wearing the uniforms instead of men. "I'm sure there are hardly any owners in the entire league who even know what style game we should play so we can look good out there," she says. "We have to capitalize on what women do best.



Karen Logan shoots a jump shot against the New York Stars.

And that's skill, grace, finesse, speed, intelligence. We don't need a 7' girl on the floor. We don't need anybody who's going to go out there and start a fistfight. We want to take advantage of what we do best, and you can look at other sports. You can look at swimming, gymnastics, track, tennis, golf. All of those sports have priorities that make women look good. And we have to transfer them to basketball."

Don't misunderstand; Logan is an ardent supporter of the WBL. She played basketball her whole life on the faint hope that maybe, someday, it would go professional. Now it's happened, and she's glad, but that doesn't stop her from speaking out on what she considers the league's shortcomings.

Salaries, for instance. "I'm pretty happy with this club (the Hustle) as far as salaries and the way contracts have been handled. But I feel like most of the other clubs have severely underpaid most of the girls. I feel like they've taken advantage of the fact that girls are dying to play."

Aside from the injustice of it, she says, it's bound to cause serious problems. "There's no way the other players aren't going to find out what other players are making. It happens within teams; it's going to happen from team to team."

What does she plan to do about it? "We're going to form a players' association one of these days, just like the men do. And we're going to start setting minimums. We're going to start demanding our rights. Right now, we're too disorganized to do that, and probably the first year of the league the timing wouldn't be right."

"Whenever they make cutbacks, whenever they cut corners to save money, it's always with the players first. I think that unless you have professional salaries you're not going to be able to fool the public or press into believing that it's a pro sport."

The majority of the women in the WBL, like Logan, have paid their dues. "They've

stuck out the tough times," Logan says, "and they've kept playing." And as much as everyone wants the league to succeed, success inevitably will mean the end of the road for some of these women who have kept on shooting over all kinds of obstacles. The women in the WBL represent the top female ball players in the nation today, yet, as Logan explains, "There are probably better athletes out there, but they don't have the skills yet. Within three or four years, a lot of these players will be phased out because we'll find better athletes we can teach the same skills to. Right now, we've got to go with what's there. Maybe we won't get the best athlete, but we'll get the best player because she's got ten years of skill behind her. Maybe next year we can't use her. That'll be sad, but it's going to happen."

When Logan talks about the future, she sounds as if there is no doubt there will be another three or four years for the WBL. Objectively speaking, she gives it a 75-25 chance of survival.

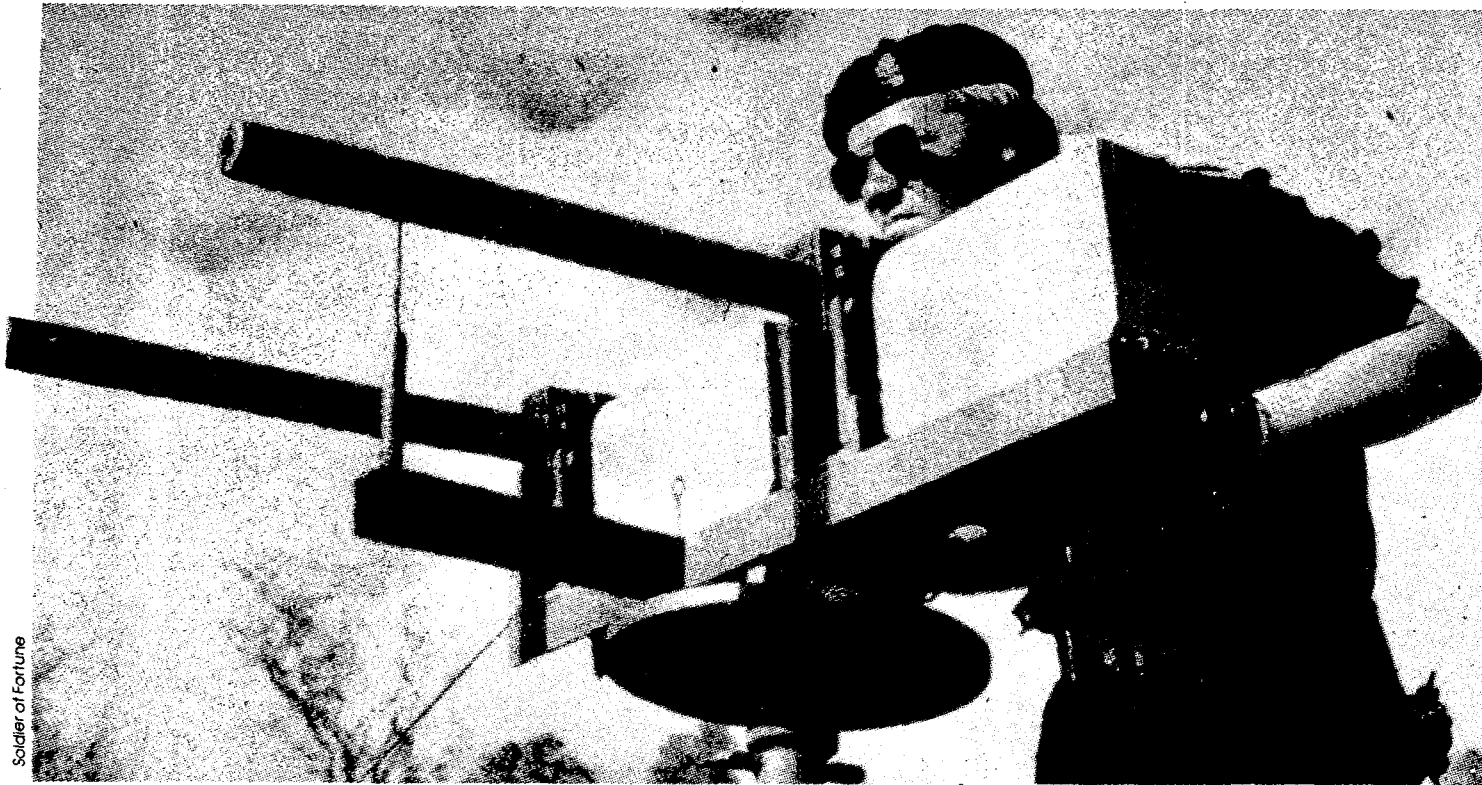
"Basketball," she notes, "is the only professional team sport around. We've got world team tennis, but still, it's based on individual performance. We don't have pro sports for women. And team sports are audience getters. They attract people, and I think this is the most logical candidate to go pro. Volleyball is not ready; softball obviously wasn't ready, or it would have done it [she refers to unsuccessful women's pro softball league initiated by Billie Jean King]. Field hockey isn't ready."

And what if it doesn't make it? What if the WBL folds after one season?

Logan turns away for a moment, staring at her injured foot as she answers. "I don't think about that because I can't imagine it not making it. I've worked 20 years of my life to be an athlete and to make a career out of it, and I just haven't programmed for failure. I just refuse to think that it won't happen. I made it happen. I'm going to make it happen." With that, she shrugs and limps back onto the floor.

MERCENARIES

'Wardogs' roam world looking for death



Soldier of Fortune

By Al Di Franco

BACK HOME AMERICA WAS having its 200th birthday party. But for Mike Williams, in Africa for what he called "one last war," there was no party. The wardog had fought as an officer in special forces and airborne units in World War II and Korea, then with Mad Mike Hoare's Wild Geese mercenaries in the Congo in the 1960s. Now he was trying to turn foot soldiers and unruly horses into Rhodesia's first anti-guerrilla cavalry unit.

Williams left Rhodesia, returning to Florida to run unsuccessfully for Congress as a conservative Democrat in September's first district primary in the state's panhandle. Later he would begin publishing a three-part series on his African exploits in the fast-growing *Soldier of Fortune* magazine (*SOF*).

Back in Africa in the summer of 1976, another dog of war was making an unsuccessful bid—to convince a war crimes tribunal in Angola that he should be spared from a firing squad. Like Maj. L.H. "Mike" Williams, Daniel Gearhart had published in *SOF*, but there was no front cover fanfare to go with his \$5 classified advertisement:

"Wanted: Employment as Mercenary on Full-Time or Job Contract basis. Preferably in South or Central America, but anywhere in the world, if you pay transportation. Contact Gearhart, Box 1457, Wheaton, MD 20902."

Williams, with the help of *The Green Berets* and *French Connection* author (and self-appointed ambassador to the Ian Smith regime) Robin Moore, is trying to land a spot on NBC-TV's *Today* show to hype a book.

Gearhart is dead.

And the Wild Geese—the South African-based mercenary organization—is flying high in a film of the same title, a blood and guts British production now playing in the U.S. (See review, next page.) *The Wild Geese* is based on Daniel Carney's book on Belgian Congo fighting in the '60s, and was filmed partly in the Northern Transvaal area of South Africa with help from the South African army and police.

Using the slogan "Don't Feed the Wild Geese," the film has been picketed (among other places) in New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver, London, Wales and New Zealand. Protesters are opposed to the filmmakers' contribution of proceeds to white racist militarists in South Africa and to what the anti-apartheid American Committee on Africa (ACOA) calls its glorification of "the sordid history of mercenaries in Africa."

According to the ACOA, proceeds from the premier screening of *The Wild Geese* in Johannesburg this spring went to the South African Defense Fund. The

ACOA said the bulk of the fund's money goes toward improving military operations in illegally occupied Namibia. (Allied Artists, American distributor of *The Wild Geese*, said it had no knowledge of the contribution.) Producer Euan Lloyd has also given his approval to the use of the film as a booster for sales of the apartheid government's Defense Bonds, ACOA said.

Mercenaries for life.

Col. Michael "Mad Mike" Hoare was technical and military adviser on the project. A cornerstone of the real life Wild Geese club in South Africa, Hoare led the CIA-backed #5 Commando group portrayed in the film. He now lives in South Africa, where he claims to be toying with creating what he calls a "rat

apartheid organizations say as much as half or more of the Rhodesian army is made up of rent-a-reactionaries.

There is a big market for hired killers in other parts of the world as well. In California, an employee of the Los Angeles-based Vinnell Corporation told *IN THESE TIMES*, "Bufkin shows up around the office all the time."

Vinnell vice president J.W. DeSimone, who a source inside the company described as "a go-between for the Arabs," described Vinnell as a "construction company and also involved in technical services in the Mideast."

Pentagon sources said, however, that Vinnell was granted a \$77 million contract for "advanced individual and unit training" of Saudi Arabia's national guard.

The State Department and the CIA don't want to talk about American mercenaries in Rhodesia, Saudi Arabia, Iran, Zaire and Nicaragua.

catching" mercenary force to combat airline hijacking.

Author Carney, according to *SOF*, is in Rhodesia, dividing his time between writing another book and fighting guerillas.

Ian Yule, who made his acting debut in *The Wild Geese*, is a veteran of Hoare's #5 Commando. He is quoted by Liberation News Service on his fortunes as a soldier: "The British Army paid me five shillings a week to shoot Chinamen. Now [in the Congo] I was being paid 500 pounds to shoot black men."

In the recent war in Angola, the pay scale for mercenaries rose from \$1200 per month to about \$2000, although Gearhart's widow Sheila said her 34-year-old Vietnam veteran husband never got paid. He had been promised the money by self-proclaimed mercenary recruiter David Bufkin, she said. According to *SOF* publisher and editor Robert K. Brown, Bufkin "was the guy who took all the mercs [mercenaries] over there [to Angola]."

Since Angola, Bufkin has led an on-and-off existence as a publicity-seeking figure on the blood and guts adventure circuit. Like "Mad Mike," Bufkin was a willing guest on TV and radio talk shows.

Newsday claimed the 48-year-old Bufkin also headed a CIA-backed recruitment of "several hundred" mercenaries to fight on behalf of Zaire's President Mobutu Sese Seko last year. President Carter had declared at the time of the Zaire turmoil that \$13 million in U.S. aid would be used for "non-lethal" military supplies.

Rent-a-reactionary.

Figures on the number of mercenaries in Africa are about as hard to pindown as Bufkin, however. On Rhodesia alone, the U.S. State Department readily acknowledges at least hundreds, while supporters of black liberation groups and anti-

nell's telephone number when asked for the name of a U.S. firm looking for mercenaries. DeSimone denied he had ever heard of Brown, however.

Mercs in Nicaragua.

In Washington, a confidential source described as working for a private contractor to the U.S. State Department in Nicaragua has complained to Sen. George McGovern (D-SD) that "many Americans" are fighting on the side of the Somoza regime.

In a reply to a McGovern inquiry, the State Department would say only that while the U.S. "in no way approves" of mercenary activity, becoming a mercenary is not a violation of federal law. Only the recruitment of mercenaries is punishable.

Mike Williams told *IN THESE TIMES*, "I don't know Bufkin personally," but he claimed that Bufkin was in Managua in November, and that he was arrested by the Somoza government after making contacts with both sides in the Nicaraguan struggle.

"They (Bufkin and his associates) were going to try to make a deal with anybody to make money," Williams said. He maintained he did not know the names of Bufkin's associates, and admitted that he himself had also been to Nicaragua. When asked why, he would only say, "Well, that's something I'd rather not discuss."

At the time of Bufkin's boldest statements as a mercenary recruiter, State Department Bureau of African Affairs spokesman Jim Pope claimed that, although Bufkin had "been shooting off his mouth about recruiting and thing," the department was aware of him only through the news media and that his statements were "not sufficient to get him in a court of law." Later the CIA told the Justice Department it would not cooperate with a pending investigation of Bufkin, according to a *Newsday* report.

And for men like Williams, the job continues.

Or as he wrote in *SOF*, "Someone once said, 'If you spend more than ten years as a soldier, you'll never be worth a damn as anything else.' How true that is I don't know. But on Dec. 20, 1975, I found myself heading back to Africa for the second time.

Back into the killing business. World War II, Korea and the Congo were behind me. I felt like the male counterpart to Jonathan Winters' Granny Grickert, World's Oldest Airline Stewardess. Only in my case I wasn't a stewardess, just another mercenary looking for that 'one last war.'"

Army deserters organize

In South Africa, they call it original sin.

But for Mike Morgan, deserting his country's army was the only way he could "liberate myself from the dehumanizing effects of a racist regime that was ordering me to kill."

Morgan left South Africa last December after serving a one-year stint in South Africa's army, including four months of combat in Namibia.

He recently completed a speaking tour in the U.S. on behalf of the New York-based South African Military Refugee Aid Fund, speaking against the apartheid system and its supporters, including the makers of *The Wild Geese*.

Fleeing to London after deserting his army, Morgan founded the South Africa War Resisters organization and began publishing *Omkeer*—the Afrikaans military word for "about face." Morgan credits *Omkeer*, smuggled into the apartheid nation, for persuading at least 30 South African soldiers to desert.

Like Morgan, they face ten years imprisonment. In addition, Morgan said,

"if in any way you are found to be advocating resistance, that's a treasonable offense under the Terrorism Act, which has penalties ranging from five years to death—it's regarded as the original sin in South Africa. That's why it's important that we set up a support base outside of South Africa."

Morgan estimates there have been about 8,000 army deserters or resisters to South Africa's draft laws—the draft age is 17—over the past two years. "But you'll never see the figures on resistance published there. And for sure, any statements they [resisters] make aren't going to be published," Morgan added.

Morgan said anti-militarist motivations range from full support to black liberation to "just refusing to fight for the apartheid system." At least 530 draft resisters and army deserters are being prosecuted, he said.

Morgan says he is supported by black liberation groups in southern Africa and hopes to return to his country "after the armed struggle for South Africa is won."

—Al Di Franco



Killing Africans makes up most of the action in this film; "Mad" Mike Hoare, real-life mercenary leader (insert), was technical and military adviser.

Blood-and-guts film celebrates racism, mercenaries and greed

By Steve Talbot

The main action in *The Wild Geese* (Allied Artists) is white mercenaries killing African soldiers—hundreds of them. Most are killed by automatic rifle fire. A whole barracks of sleeping troops is silently gassed. Three African sentries are even killed by cyanide-tipped darts fired from a cross-boy by a South African mercenary. The film's recurring special effect is bodies of African soldiers flung high in the air by exploding grenades. (This effect was made by stuntmen springing off hidden trampolines.)

Whether they are killed exotically or mundanely, the Africans never stop dying. Of course, some mercenaries die, too. But the "kill ratio"—as the Pentagon used to say in Vietnam and the Rhodesian military now echoes—overwhelmingly favors the whites. Repeatedly, we are shown a lone white mercenary holding off a horde of "savages" said to be high on dagga.

The Wild Geese glorifies white mercenaries at a time when mercenaries—including several hundred Americans—play a major role in the Rhodesian army. *Variety*, the entertainment industry trade paper, reports that the film has not been a hit at the box office here, although it is a huge success in South Africa, Britain and West Germany. In New York, Los Angeles and other cities, southern Africa activists picketed the film. But it still attracted a sizeable audience. A theater manager in San Francisco told *ITT*, "A lot of people from the Presidio (army base), some Marines, and quite a few Navy guys on shore leave came to see it. They seemed to enjoy it."

Sophisticated racism.

Although it panders to the racism of its predominantly white audiences, *The Wild Geese* packages its ideology in a sophisticated, updated version of the old white supremacist myths. In Daniel Can-

ney's book, all 50 of the "hell-raising" mercenaries are white. But the film adds the character of a black mercenary. He is accepted by the others because—despite his skin color—he is willing to kill Africans for money. There is also a gay mercenary, the medic, who is chided about his homosexuality but treated like one of the boys when he proves himself to be a bloody good killer. Still, he is cut to pieces by machete-wielding Africans in one of the movie's more gruesome and racist scenes.

The mercenaries are not simply fighting for a white-minority regime, but are trying to rescue a pro-Western African leader, who is closely modeled after the late Moise Tshombe. The film's producer, Euan Lloyd, dedicates the film to the once CIA-backed leader, calling him "the voice of reconciliation in Africa."

The motive is still Western greed: a British financier, Sir Edward Matherson, hires the Hoare character (Richard Burton) to rescue the Tshombe figure from jail in an effort to pressure the current leader (reminiscent of Zaire's Gen. Mobutu) into signing a copper mining contract. When the leader signs the contract, the British capitalist betrays his mercenary band, ordering their rescue plane to turn back. In the final scene, Burton murders Sir Edward in revenge. The message: the wealthy are bastards, all but a few "good" Africans are uncivilized, only the mercenaries—tough, professional, honest if cold blooded—are heroes. The mercenaries are portrayed sympathetically as men who love their sons and shoot Mafia heroin pushers when they are not killing Africans.

Women, of course, are incidental to all this male bonding. The only woman with a speaking part suffers a beating—gladly—to protect the mercenary she loves.

Blacksmiths.

The least probable bond formed is between the Tshombe character and the South African mer-

cenary. During the mercenary operation, the South African must carry the sickly African leader on his back through the bush. Though he begins by calling him "kaffir" (the South African equivalent of "nigger"), he is eventually convinced by the African that blacks and whites must live together in Africa. In the film the South African's conversion comes too abruptly to make sense. In the book, the political ideology behind the change is more explicit. The African tells him that whites must "breed a (black) middle class" to ensure their status. "You control the purse strings through the banks, industries and major firms until the African middle classes become more conservative than you," he advises. "They will protect you from the lower classes because if you fall, they fall."

This is an ideology suited to the times. In Angola, the South Africans finance, arm and train the UNITA rebels led by Jonas Savimbi. They are not deterred by the fact that he is black. And, of course, in Rhodesia, Ian Smith has found his three "black-smiths" (as the Patriotic Front guerrillas call them)—Sithole, Muzorewa and Chirau.

Two fine black South African actors—John Kani and Winston Ntshona, who won the "Tony" award a few years back for their roles in "Sizwe Banzi Is Dead"—appear in *The Wild Geese* as the black mercenary and the Tshombe character. Maybe they needed the money. Maybe, despite their performances in the anti-apartheid *Sizwe Banzi*, they are comfortable with the "multiracialism" of *The Wild Geese*. Also, Joan Armatrading, a black singer from the West Indies who lives in London and is very popular in this country within the women's movement, performs the theme song for the movie. It is depressing to see black performers lend their talents to such garbage.

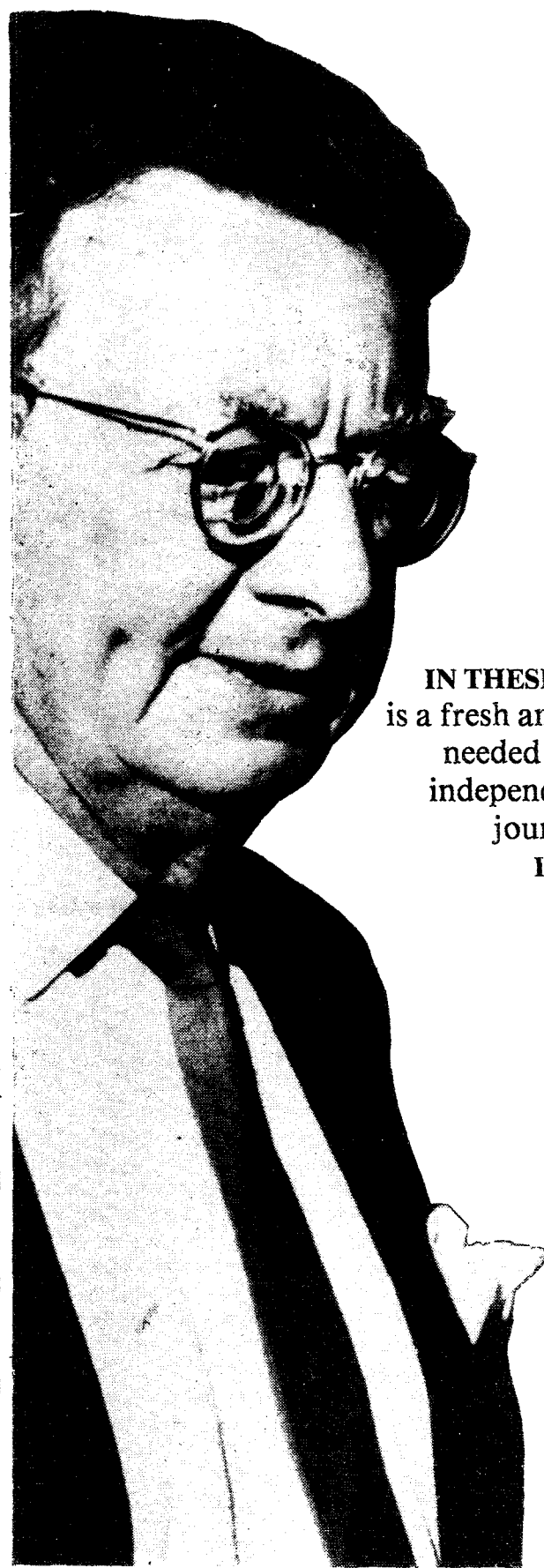
Steve Talbot, *Africa editor for Internews, is working on a film about U.S. involvement in southern Africa.*

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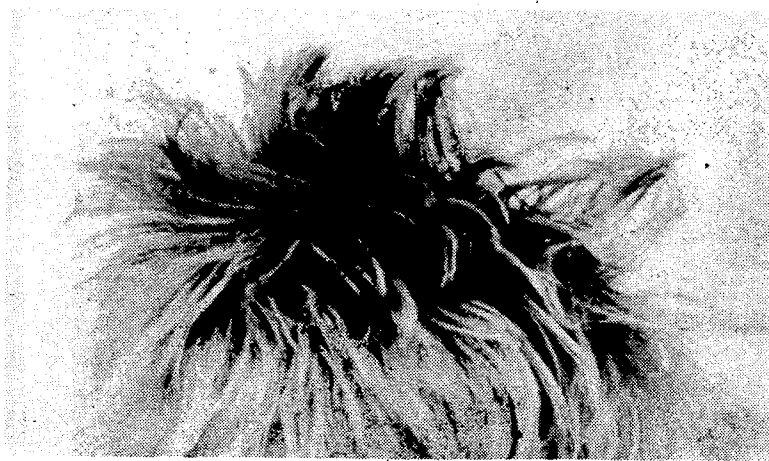
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Short Notice



Rod Stewart. Do blondes have more fun?

Records

FANTASY LOVE AFFAIR

Peter Brown (Drive)
Brown, who recorded the reference tracks for the disc on a 4-track Teac in his bedroom in his parents' Chicago home, is eons beyond his disco contemporaries. Lilted melodies that bring to mind Gino Vanelli or Stevie Wonder dominate here, and I never recall "Do You Wanna Get Funky With Me?" sounding so good on the car radio. **cb**

ALL OR NOTHING AT ALL

Billie Holiday (Verve)
Any reissue of Lady Day's recordings is significant, even from

her later years when she was supposedly losing her vocal touch. These 1955-56 sessions show how Holiday used her deepening voice to imbue even the most maudlin Tin Pan Alley lyrics with warmth and authenticity. **dr**

BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN

Rod Stewart (Warner Bros.)
Further evidence of mod Rod's deterioration. With so much shock rock like "Do You Think I'm Sexy" and "Attractive Female Wanted," it's easy to overlook the occasional throwback to better times. Ironically, the best song is the bitter "Is That the Thanks I Get?," seemingly Stewart's "reply" to Britt Ekland's suit for a share of his earnings during the years they lived

together. It's the only cut on which Stewart sounds as if he really cares. **bd**

SECRET AGENT

Chick Corea (Polydor)
Beneath the electronic keyboard riffs and clever arrangements, there is little of interest here for jazz fans. Like Herbie Hancock, Corea has been playing both ends of the current jazz market—experimenting with returns to unadorned acoustic jazz then putting out safe but unexciting "cross-over" albums (like this) that assure commercial success. **dr**

WIZARD

Matrix (Warner Brothers)
A synthesis of contemporary musical styles needn't water down the best ingredients of each. To a base of "tone poem" compositions, seamless ensemble harmonies and an extraordinary tight brass section, Matrix adds rock rhythms, pithy solos and tasteful synthesizer fills, cooking up an appealing big band jazz-rock sound. **dr**

KLEZMORIM

Klezmorim (Arhoolie)
This second album by the group of the same name revives Yiddish improvisational music brought to the U.S. by East European Jewish immigrants before World War II. Featuring instruments like the hammered dulcimer (in several forms) and *baraban*, or hand-made drum (as well as strings, brass and woodwinds), the group gives spirited, convincing performances of traditional tunes, different enough from one another to engage the attention of someone unfamiliar with the tradition. The playing is tight, and generates the kind of excitement often lacking in "revival" efforts. **ss**

Movies

CALIFORNIA SUITE

(Columbia)
Mini-stories of four sets of visitors to the Beverly Hills Hotel, adapted from the play. Director Herbert Ross (*Turning Point*) smooths out the snap in Neil Simon's repartee, but Jane Fonda still gets little with which to soften the angles of her harshly-drawn



Travolta should feel sick.

New York career woman. Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby are shortchanged, too; they slap each other around as the movie's comic relief. Most pleasant are Maggie Smith and Michael Caine as

an English couple whose affections match their brittle lines. The movie is less than the sum of its parts and typically arch, but not painful to watch. **pa**

MOMENT BY MOMENT

(Universal)
Ritzzy housewife Lily Tomlin mothers street kid John Travolta in a directionless love affair. Lily Tomlin never has a chance; her uptight role fits like a '50s girdle. Writer-director Jane Wagner has co-produced TV work with Tomlin and collaborated with her on the Broadway show, *Appearing Nitely*. Her complete failure here, with both script and direction, baffles. **pa**

Contributors: Cary Baker, Derk Richardson, Bruce Dancis, Steve Schwartzman, Pat Aufderheide.

Misc.



Quilapayun merges music and politics.

The Chilean folk group Quilapayun, once the official cultural ambassadors of Chile during the Allende era, tours presenting the music of Victor Jara, the Chilean singer-poet who had coordinated the group and who was murdered by the Chilean military in 1973. Joan Turner-Jara, widow of Victor Jara, accompanies the tour. The schedule is as follows:

Thurs., Feb. 15—San Francisco, CA—Masonic Auditorium	Wed., Feb. 28—Madison, WI—First Congressional Church
Fri., Feb. 16—Los Angeles, CA—Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, with Jane Fonda and Jon Voigt	Thurs., Mar. 1—Boston, MA—John Hancock Auditorium
Sat., Feb. 17—Denver, CO—East High School Auditorium, with Pete Seeger	Fri., Mar. 2—New York City—Felt Forum
Sun., Feb. 18—Albuquerque, NM—Popejoy Hall, U. of New Mexico, with Pete Seeger	Sun., Mar. 4—Detroit—Masonic Temple
Tues., Feb. 20—Eugene, OR—Erb Memorial Union, U. of Oregon	Thurs., Mar. 8—Philadelphia, PA—Academy of Music
Thurs., Feb. 22—Austin, TX—Armadillo World Hqds.	Fri., Mar. 9—Washington, DC—Kennedy Center, with Peter, Paul and Mary
Sun., Feb. 25—Chicago, IL—Medina Temple	Sat., Mar. 10—Montreal, Canada—Rene Levesque, mc
Tues., Feb. 27—Minneapolis, MN—Willey Hall, U. of Minnesota	Sun., Mar. 11—Toronto, Canada
	Fri.-Sun., Mar. 16-18—San Juan, Puerto Rico

For further information, contact the National Chile Center, 156 5th Ave., Rm. 231, NYC 10010, (212) 989-0085.

CULTURE SHOCK

QUICK, HENRY, THE HIPPIE BEADS

Russian young people, *Fortune* reports gleefully, are paying 200 rubles (more than an average worker's monthly wage) for authentic American blue jeans. A Western critic heralds the trend as a "protest against the prevailing Marxist petite bourgeoisie."

FIGHTING FIRE WITH FIRE

To counter the fashion image of Western jeans, the Russian



government has begun to make school uniforms out of blue denim.

TRANSLATION TROUBLES

For the first time in 29 years, Coke is available in China, with an inscription on the bottle reading "can mouth can happy," understood as "very refreshing." Meanwhile, the Chinese are reportedly searching for a new export name for their leading line of cotton men's underwear, presently sold under the brand name of "Pansy."

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FILM

Bergman sees self through lens, darkly

By Pat Aufderheide

Autumn Sonata is the latest in a sadly predictable series of explorations into Ingmar Bergman's psychological dilemmas, graced with the stylistic tricks we have come to expect from his recent films. As he works out on-screen his inner agonies, they become a case in point that insight does not necessarily mean a cure.

Liv Ullmann is the repressed daughter who invites her dashing and successful mother (Ingrid Bergman) to visit her after the death of her mother's lover. Mother discovers on arrival that her other daughter (Lena Nyman), crippled with a degenerative disease, is also living there.

Mother faces her own disgust at one daughter's physical deformities and chats with her other daughter's husband (Halvar Bjork) about their emotionally stunted marriage. She then stays up all night with the married daughter, being castigated for dominating their household and thwarting her children's development.

Mother leaves, shaken but still baffled. Daughter fears she has thrown away all hope of communicating with her mother, but insists she will go on trying to make contact, whispering in the last scene, "I'm going to persist."

Alienation is back, as the symptom. Husband and wife fear love and cannot tell each other anything directly. Mother and daughter also cannot communicate, but they mask hatred with their indirectness. The problem is familiar to Bergman films, too: the characters cannot express or feel emotions. Ullmann describes the world her drowned son now inhabits as a "world of liberated emotions."

Autumn Sonata is distinguished among Bergman films for naming the cause of this emotional constipation so plainly. He points the finger without wasting time: the cause is childhood trauma. Mother—herself a neglected child, whose parents "never touched" her—was a dominating but negligent parent. A famous pianist, she paid attention to her children when her schedule permitted, and overwhelmed them when she did. "You had taken charge of all the words in our house," shouts a furious, petulant Ullmann at the shocked, lovely Ingrid Bergman.

This may serve as a description of a family pathology, and the actresses, especially Bergman in a magnificent performance, go a long way toward creating a believable relationship between the two women. But the film has unsurpassable problems. Neither actress can overcome a script that tells too much and shows too little.

Like other Bergman films, *Autumn Sonata* depends on the written word, in extended recital or in anecdote. Bergman tries to compensate for the tediousness of verbal exposition by presenting it boldly and trying to turn it into a stylistic virtue. The husband, for instance, turns to the camera to voice his marital questions; his wife reads a letter start-to-finish to him; he says to her mother, "I'll explain how I view my wife," and he then explains.

It's not that the screenplay is talky. After all, a very talky screenplay, *Sunday, Bloody Sunday*, made for a wonderful film. And we will stand for exposition



Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann as mother and daughter (above); Ullman and Ingmar Bergman (below, right).

when it is efficient. But much of this exposition explains that people can't really explain what is wrong because they do not understand or cannot identify it. Consider this statement: "One must learn to live. I practice every day. One of my biggest obstacles is that I don't know who I am." Do you want to sit in the dark listening to that person go on talking?

Childhood anger.

Bergman has also stacked the deck against the mother in this drama, demonstrating in the process his own inability to budge from the viewpoint of the wronged child. Although he fails to make us feel fully the hurt of the mother's mistakes, he does make clear how angry he feels about his own childhood. His anger, unfortunately, comes out as cheap tricks.

Gauche symbols underline the broken-wing tragedy of mismanaged family relations. The marks are bold: one child crippled, one child drowned. He contrasts several times the fact that the flamboyant mother is wearing a bright red flowing dress and her mousey daughter is wearing a pea-green shift with a Peter Pan collar.

He creates a melodramatic moment of crisis, so grotesque that the scene fails. While one daughter screams at her for early sorrows, the mother responds, "Help me! Help me!" and the other crippled daughter wriggles hideously to the stairs on her stomach, drooling and calling out, "Mama! Come!" This triple demonstration of desperate need appals us, but it doesn't synopsize the problem. It only caricatures it.

Some moments do come through with an awful intensity. The daughter climaxes her denunciation with the statement, "People like you are a menace—You should be put away!" At this moment, you realize there is an ocean of regret, spite and petulance behind the writing in this screenplay, and that Bergman sees the writing and filming as a kind of exorcism.

He has said so before. When he finished the screenplay for *Face to Face*, for instance, he announced to his cast that his "torment, formerly diffuse, has acquired a name and address...has been deprived of its nimbus and alarm." But two movies later, he writhes in the same torment, although it has never been so specifically directed and so accusatory. Bergman stakes his usual claim

in this film to probing existential pain, to describing the human condition. When a character says, "There is only one truth, one lie and no forgiveness," it is supposed to mean something. The characters are not only mothers and daughters, but symbols of the failure to feel, to give and to share.

As he gets closer in this film than in earlier films to naming what actually bothers him, though, it becomes clearer that the problem Bergman describes is not an existential but a particular and a socially-formed one. The neurotic personality that his films describe is a character of our time.

God and self.

In film after film, Bergman has searched for a reason to live, not in the process of living with people, but as a given from which to order an individual life. Social context and institutions are secondary, for him, to the crisis of identity. He has no confidence in social arrangements to change or help his or our problems, as he once confessed in interview:

"I've a strong impression our world is about to go under. Our political systems are deeply compromised and have no further uses. Our social behavior patterns—interior and exterior—have proved a fiasco... Just around the corner an insect world is waiting for us—and one day it's going to roll in over our ultra-individualized existence. Otherwise, I'm a respectable social democrat."

Having rejected social institutions, Bergman is left with the personal and the cosmic. He looks not just for the ability to express emotions, but for the millennium: for the unquestioning and total love that St. Paul promises in his letters to the Corinthians.

St. Paul wrote, "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." St. Paul held out a promise of salvation through belief. But Bergman has always been a doubter on a big scale—he spent the first part of his career looking for God on-screen—and he finds St. Paul's assured promise a hopeless, longed-for vision.

Over time, he has abandoned his search for the cosmic in favor of his search for identity. Whether by probing psychic disorientation in *Face to Face*, or by an

apocalyptic projection of anxiety on history in *The Serpent's Egg*, he searches for himself and celebrates his very failures. In *Autumn Sonata*, a woman blindly tries to communicate not just with her mother but with her own past. She is at once ardently hopeful and bitter with despair.

Bergman searches in the same extremist way, posing grand unanswerable questions. The answers he does find only reinforce the illness he re-enacts. The emotionally-stunted daughter ends this movie with a dewy-eyed stare

into the camera and the words, "I'm going to persist..." Bergman will, too. But he'll never settle his accounts, never really go home, although he's been trying—like the old man in *Wild Strawberries*—to do so for a long time.

And the closer he comes to realizing that his search is a social and a historical one, as the canvas on which the drama is painted shrinks and becomes more specific, the more his films take on a mean-minded and desperate tone, as well. ■

Bergman & women



If Bergman is thrashing about for a reason to live in his movies, why does he always use women to symbolize his own search?

Women offer Bergman a high contrast between biological and intellectual reasons to live. He credits women with—and envies in them—a natural superiority in emotional expression. He lauds and loves women for their literal and figurative receptivity. Indeed, Jenny's crisis of identity in *Face to Face* is triggered when she finds she was "too tight" for a rapist to enter her. Bergman's most simply positive characters are women who least challenge their social fate, and those who have immediate care-and-tending tasks. Think of the maid in *Cries and Whispers*, or the grandmother in *Face to Face*.

The woman who confronts individual responsibility, who makes choices, puts Bergman's own problems in their most acute form. The working mother of *Autumn Sonata* has channeled her life energy away from expressing emotion and love directly, and into music. Like the dying sister in *Cries and Whispers*, or the actress in *Persona* or the psychiatrist in *Face to Face*, she has talents and a public role that in some ways con-

flict with the direct expression of female (especially motherly) love.

That conflict, for Bergman, is not a fact of social life, but an existential drama. Bergman's women are never flesh and blood. They are less—testimony to animal warmth; and more—incarnations of a great engulfing mother. They thus stand outside time and history. It is in some ways, of course, a safe stance. If a woman moviegoer complains that she cannot find anyone like herself among a film's women, then possibly it's her fault—she flunks femininity.

As *Autumn Sonata* stresses in a petty way, however, people have both love and hate for such powerful female images, which are so often images of Mother. When Bergman was asked why he chose a certain red as one of the three basic colors of *Cries and Whispers*, which heavily featured color symbolism, he said that it was the color he imagined the inside of the womb to look like. But Bergman appears to have served his time as a womb-worshipper. These days he offers instead horror and anger, the other side of that reverence.

—Pat Aufderheide



Gov. Jerry Brown talks to journalists James Ridgeway (center) and Alexander Cockburn (right).

Rocking the Solar Dreamboat

Journalists Cockburn and Ridgeway talk about their satirical novel, anti-nuke activists, and liberal columnists.

By Steve Chapple

FROM HIS SOMEWHAT STRANGE position as house-Marxist at New York's *Village Voice*, Alexander Cockburn has in the five years since he arrived from Britain inveighed with such a combination of journalistic joy and investigative viciousness that he may have done more than any American to remind us that our newspaper writing was not always such a grey mass of corporate blandness and ever-liberal pomposity. His "Press Clips" and "The Moving Target," a column written with partner James Ridgeway, have put some of the muckraking guts back into American journalism.

Now Cockburn and Ridgeway have tossed off a short sliver of a political novel: *Smoke: Another Jimmy Carter Adventure* (New York: Times Books). *Smoke* burns some familiar targets to readers of the columns: Tom Hayden, Jerry Brown, and, of course, Jimmy Carter.

It is 1980 in the novel and "the nation," Cockburn and Ridgeway write, "lies comatose and gloomy in the post-Christmas hangover. Sleet falls, prices rise, and the year ahead seems pregnant with not great promise." It is 11 months until the election and Carter and his bumptious advisers are already counting the months. How best to straddle safely the tackiest issue of the time, cancerous but profitable nuclear power? Monstrous James Schlesinger is for turning up the birdsong soundtrack on his office tweeter and flying with Bechtel and General Electric, but Carter knows that Guru-venor Jerry Brown is already dreaming Eastward to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. And Jerry Brown's Zen history of riding the ass to search for the ass may just allow him to straddle constituencies more adroitly, gathering up the naive support of the vast anti-nuke movement, without alienating corporate nuke-heads.

The solution is to tweak the latent patriotism of the URF (Union of Rich Folk), funders to the more activist rabble, and where necessary to buy the movement's spokesmen with solar grants. It is a wise solution but one that almost goes

up in smoke when four days before the election the anti-nuclear neophytes (led by Julie: "deep-bosomed and big-brained" and Jack: "a vortex of violence and vitamins") take over a massive reactor near Valley Forge. Not to worry, explains Pat Cadell, the *Mayaguez* was a high point in the polls for Jerry Ford. Eco-terrorism has its bright side. And so it does. Until the last chapter.

The plot roars as quickly as Jerry Brown perched on the back of Jacques Barzhagi's motorcycle. And it's very funny stuff. In their crisp, elegant prose Cockburn and Ridgeway do to nuclear power what Evelyn Waugh did for cemeteries in *The Loved One*.

If there is anything disturbing in the book to a good anti-nuclear American, it is not the authors' righteous cynicism toward the Browns, the Haydens, and the Carters. Rather it is their sad skepticism toward what they see as a pathetically inadequate environmental movement.

Start with little fishes.

Alex Cockburn is splayed across the chair in his *Village Voice* office like the shrewd road manager for a British New Wave band caught, somehow, in an interview with a reporter from *Sing Out*, the nostalgic folk music magazine. How can he phrase it to me gently? His English belled pants are propped on top of his typewriter, and a framed headline from the *National Enquirer* screams down: "Amy Carter's Killer Nanny Talks."

"You can't hardly say," says Cockburn with understatement, "that the history of the anti-nuclear movement has been a story of unmitigated victory." He swings his feet to the floor and taps the tape-recorder. "There have been victories from place to place, yes, but in general the energy corporations have had a pretty good time of it."

Jim Ridgeway says things more analytically. Present for discussion on a tie-line from Washington, he explains:

"The problem with the environmental movement has always been that for some reason it has been unable or unwilling to confront the fact that you are dealing with a centralized economy that is dominated by major corporations in combination

with the government. The environmental movement has always ended up with this solar dreamboat stuff, which is nothing more than *laissez faire*, small business competition. It comes from the public interest movement and nostalgic memories."

Cockburn pipes up. "One of the themes of our book has been the mystification of the solar power movement. There is a right-wing nature to a lot of this so-called left-wing thought. They talk about localism, how solar power will not be in the grip of the big companies, how economies of scale do not make sense with solar power, and so on. Well, the big companies *are* getting into solar power, Gruman for instance. Secondly, it's extremely dubious how effective solar power could be in the short term, given the enormous natural gas glut. All's you have to do is read the cover of *Business Week*, something small left-wing groups don't do."

Ridgeway wants to make clear why the position of alternative energy supporters makes so little sense at this time, at least to him. "Since the '60s we have been faced with what seems to be a glut of fossil fuels, and at the same time an attempt by the companies in oil to move into other areas, such as uranium, nuclear power—and particularly coal, which was always looked at as backup. The writing was on the wall even before OPEC and it led to exploration by these companies.

"You got a glut and it works out in this way. It's bad in the short term for nuclear power because industrial customers will turn from oil to coal, but not to nuclear power, and surely not to alternative energies. The price of natural gas will be so close to what solar will cost, that in the near future solar will not make sense. This is shown in Santa Clara, Calif., where the municipal utility offers solar-powered pool heaters. It costs almost the same to do it with natural gas. The forces at work here are just not auspicious for either nuclear energy or solar power, and this serves industry people well because it allows them to move into solar research and development and take their time."

Well, I want to know, what sort of advice would you give to an unromantic anti-nuclear activist?

Ridgeway keeps pumping the sentences out of the phone from Washington. "You have to start where the little fishes are, and they're few and far between. I would start with TVA, with giving people cheap energy. The Bonneville power administration is another place. You have these vestiges of public power. You've got to come to grips with the fact that this is a powerful centralized economy," he repeats. "Masses of people have no jobs. They live in Harlem, in the South Bronx. To them this alternative energy business is a joke."

90 percent form, 10 percent content.

Ridgeway reminds me of a college friend who never needed to write first drafts. He just sat down, organized his thoughts for three minutes, and then typed out a ten-page paper. I think my friend is now hoeing organic potatoes somewhere in British Columbia, but the thought makes me curious. How do Ridgeway and Cockburn put it together every week?

By easy joint committee, it seems. "We sit down at the typewriter and talk it through." They do not work up separate drafts as did John and Ring Lardner Jr. when they wrote screen plays. The words fly together in the air, and one of them just types them up. "We were in the same room for *Smoke*. When we do the column, I'm there on the phone."

"Journalism is 90 percent form and only 10 percent content," Cockburn laughs. It's a strong, high laugh. "This is a position that would be regarded as immoral by the left. But if I've got some hippie cab driver with five minutes to read, it's an important project to get his eyes from the top left to the bottom right. I mean, what could be more boring than the deregulation of natural gas? The very words crash sideways. So we try to use techniques left journalism doesn't normally use: jokes, inside stuff."

In the past few years the *Voice* has ionized. There was an attempt by ownership to remove the editor. The *Voice* is, as Cockburn says, "catholic: it is certain-

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